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See page 10

“ARE YOUR HANDS CLEAN?” SHE ASKED

A CITY READER
FOR THE
FOURTH YEAR

BY
ABBY PORTER LELAND, PH.D.



CHARLES E. MERRILL COMPANY
NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

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P R E F A C E

THIS book is the outgrowth of the author's experience, as teacher and supervisor, with thousands of children in several public schools of New York City. Like many other teachers, she has found that the majority of children do not care for classical literature because they do not understand it.

The classical literature of England and America does not represent modern industrial conditions. Its traditions are peculiarly those of the Anglo-Saxon race. The genius of authors leads them to treat of subjects beyond the comprehension of the average child, and the beauties of their style involve forms of language that are too difficult for most children.

This book has been prepared with the above conditions in mind. The chief aims that have governed the selection of material are:

(1) That the general limits of the content be determined by the city child's experience.

(2) That the specific character of the selection be determined by the problems the city child has to solve, such as acquaintance with his own city; the need of the child to realize his responsibilities in the home, the school, and the community; and the need of revealing to children their opportunities, and thereby coun-

teracting the self-centered, individualistic, selfish point of view of the street code of success and honor.

(3) That the range of selection be broad rather than narrow. Therefore there has been included not only strictly city material but myths, fairy tales, folk stories, stories of rural life and of children of many lands, classical selections, letters of great men, and descriptions of famous paintings. In all cases, care has been taken that the approach shall be vital to the city child, appealing to his interest in human, dramatic movement.

With the belief that thought and language are mutually dependent, there has been an effort to use language that will convey ideas readily to children in the fourth grade, as well as language that can be read aloud with some ease of expression.

Clear enunciation and pleasant oral reading should result naturally from reading selections interesting to children about subjects that are worth while. It is hoped that, besides learning to read, the child will, through the use of this book, learn something of the joy of reading that will result in a taste for and a habit of reading, as well as an eagerness for something more advanced.

The author acknowledges indebtedness to many friends who have assisted in the preparation of this book, and to the teachers who have tested in the classroom the interest and value of all the stories

selected. Grateful acknowledgment is made to Professor George A. Coe for an adaptation of his story "The Fairy Who Grew Up" from Dr. Hartshorne's *Manual for Training in Worship*, copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons; to Mrs. Gertrude Hill Springer for "A Medal of Honor," "The Steeple Jack," and "Dog Heroes"; to Miss Adele Joslyn for sketches of the masterpieces of art; and to Mr. Howard S. F. Randolph for "Some Chinese and Japanese Customs."

For permission to use copyrighted material, acknowledgment is made to S. E. Cassino Company for May Emery Hall's story, "The First Cuckoo Clock"; Houghton Mifflin & Company for Abbie Farwell Brown's poem, "The Fairy Book," and to Miss Brown for "The Magic Shoes," which is used by special arrangement with the author under her copyright, 1914, and through the courtesy of the publishers, *The Delineator*; Little, Brown & Company for paragraphs from the *Life, Letters and Journals of Louisa M. Alcott*, copyright 1889, by J. S. P. Alcott; Charles Scribner's Sons for Eugene Field's poems, "The Night Wind" and "Thanksgiving Day," and for Henry Van Dyke's lines entitled "Four Things"; *The Strand Magazine*, for Baroness E. Bila's "The Boyar's Bride"; and J. P. McCaskey for the song of "The Little Tin Soldier" from *McCaskey's Treasury of Song*.

ABBY PORTER LELAND

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CITIZEN TONY	9
DUY	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> 15
COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA	<i>A Painting by Brozik</i> 17
KING, THE FIRE-DOG	18
THE FAIRY BOOK	<i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i> 23
THE FAIRY WHO GREW UP	<i>George A. Coe</i> 24
WORK	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> 27
INFANTA MARGARITA	<i>A Painting by Velasquez</i> 28
SONS OF RUBENS	<i>A Painting by Peter Paul Rubens</i> 30
THE BOY WHO WAS NOT AFRAID	32
THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> 39
A THANKSGIVING	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> 40
THANKSGIVING DAY	<i>Eugene Field</i> 40
A THANKSGIVING PSALM	<i>The Hundredth Psalm</i> 41
THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER	42
A SONG: THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER	48
THE FIRST CUCKOO-CLOCK	<i>May Emery Hall</i> 50
A MEDAL OF HONOR	<i>Gertrude Hill Springer</i> 56
THE STORY OF A CAVALRY HORSE	<i>Anna Sewell</i> 61
PERICLES, A HERO OF PEACE	67
ALEXANDER, A HERO OF WAR	71
FOUR THINGS	<i>Henry Van Dyke</i> 77
THE CHILDREN'S HOUR	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 79
LETTERS FROM LONGFELLOW	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 81
THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 84
THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 88
A MILE OF DUTCH NEW YORK	92
PETER COOPER	100
A LITTLE HELP	<i>Edward Fitzgerald</i> 105
SCHOOL IN BRITTANY	<i>A Painting by Geoffroy</i> 107
OUR SCHOOL GARDEN — A LETTER	108
WHEN TADPOLE WAS PROMOTED	111
THE WORLD'S A VERY HAPPY PLACE	<i>Gabriel Setoun</i> 116
THE MOCK TURTLE'S SCHOOL	<i>Lewis Carroll</i> 117
THE BAREFOOT BOY	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> 127

LETTERS OF SCHOOL CHILDREN	131
THE LONE WOLF	139
JACK FROST	140
THE NIGHT WIND	143
MICKEY, THE GENTLEMAN	145
THE MEETING OF BOB AND NIMROD	148
DOG HEROES	150
HE PRAYETH BEST	155
THE MATSUYAMA MIRROR	156
BEING A LITTLE MOTHER	161
BENNY COMES TO THE GREAT COUNTRY	166
THE FOUR-DOLLAR SERVANT	173
SAVING MONEY	176
SEPTEMBER	181
THE FOUNTAIN	183
ROBERT OF LINCOLN	186
THE MAGIC SHOES	189
THE GREEK BIRD-MEN	195
HOW THE LITTLE KITE LEARNED TO FLY	200
MAKING A KITE	201
THE BOYAR'S BRIDE	206
THE STEEPLE JACK	214
SIXTY FEET UNDER A RIVER	217
THE DOLL'S STORY	222
THE LOST DOLL	228
THE BOYHOOD OF GEORGE WASHINGTON	229
THE BOYHOOD OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN	237
LOUISA MAY ALCOTT	240
THE SONG OF PIPPA	246
A LETTER TO GERTIE	247
A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS	250
CHRISTMAS IN MANY LANDS	254
TOM THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP	259
BATHS AND BATHING	270
POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS	275
HOME, SWEET HOME	276
SOME CHINESE AND JAPANESE CUSTOMS	277
AMERICA	286
THE SHEPHERD PSALM	288

FOURTH YEAR

CITIZEN TONY

TONY had not been in America very long. Everything looked queer to him — the houses, tall buildings, stores, the way people talked, and the way they lived. In Italy it had all been so different!

One day his mother took him to a big stone building. They went up some steps, through a long hall, and into a little office at the end. There Tony bade his mother good-by. A pleasant lady said she would take care of him.

The first day in school was a wonderful day. Tony found himself in a big sunny room with about forty boys and girls. There were books and pencils and paper and pictures. He could not understand much English, but before the day was over, the new words did not sound quite so strange to him as they did at first. Still, the lessons did not mean very much to him.

After the close of school, however, he learned one lesson that he never forgot. He was on his way home, eager to tell his mother all about the new teacher,

when he saw some of the other boys going into a big building. It looked something like the school, only the letters over the door were different. They spelled "Public Library." What they meant Tony could not guess. He thought he would follow the boys and find out.

Inside, he stopped short in surprise. Such a lot of books he had never seen in his whole life! There were shelves and shelves of them — big, small, thin, and thick ones. Some of them must surely have pictures in them. He wondered if the lady at the desk wouldn't let him look at the pictures. He crept nearer and pointed to the books with his little short forefinger.

The lady smiled kindly. "Are your hands clean?" she asked.

Tony did not understand a word. As he did not answer, the lady took one small hand in each of her own and, turning them palm upward, looked them over carefully. They were very, very dirty.

"No, my dear," she said, shaking her head, "only boys and girls who have clean hands may use library books. The city lends them to the children. We take good care of our own things. Why shouldn't we be careful of what belongs to the city?"

Still Tony did not understand. At last the lady saw that he did not know what she had said. So she rubbed her hands together as if she were washing them and then made believe dry them. Tony saw at once

what she meant. He hung his head and turned very red.

Five minutes later he rushed into his mother's kitchen, all out of breath, calling out in Italian, "Soap! Soap!" Such a scrubbing as those little black hands received in the next few minutes! When he had finished, they felt as if little needles were sticking into them.

The second time they had no trouble at the library desk. The lady went to the shelves herself and picked out the best books of all, filled with beautiful colored pictures. Tony turned the leaves over very, very carefully and did not once leave a dirt-mark or turn down a corner.

He had learned one important lesson, and he made up his mind that other boys must learn it, too, if they did not already know it. On the way out of the library, he met Pietro coming in. He had come from Italy, also — on the same big ocean steamer as Tony himself.

"Hold up your hands," cried Tony in Italian.

The boy obeyed, though he didn't know what it was all about. Then Tony shook his head as the lady at the desk had done. After explaining what he had learned about the care of library books, he turned Pietro about and sent him home to wash his hands.

Tony's second lesson came the very next day. His mother had given him a bright new penny as he started

for school. On the way, he stopped and gave it to a man with a push-cart, who gave him back a big yellow banana. Tony peeled it and threw the peel on the sidewalk. As he started to take the first mouthful, he felt somebody holding his coat collar in a tight grip. He turned and saw a boy about his own age.

"Pick it up," the boy said, pointing to the peel.

"But I don't want it," said Tony in Italian, smiling and showing his white teeth. "I don't like it."

"I say, pick it up," the boy repeated, and this time he pointed also to a big iron can on the edge of the sidewalk.

So that was what the boy meant! Here in America people must not throw things on sidewalks. Tony smiled again, picked up the peel, and dropped it into the can.

Then the boy showed Tony a little silver badge on his coat. "That says," he explained, "'We are for clean streets.'"

Tony looked scared. He thought the boy was a small policeman who had the right to arrest naughty boys. A little later he learned at school that any boy who wanted to work for clean streets could own one of the shining little badges. He wore one proudly home.

He did more. That very day he saw a little girl tearing up paper and scattering it over the street. Quick as a flash, he went to her, showed his badge, and helped her pick up the white bits.



Tony learned his third lesson soon afterward. On his way home from the store, he saw a man dressed in blue clothes on a fire-escape. He stopped short and his heart beat fast. There must be a fire in the house! Yet there was no smoke, and no fire engines came dashing around the corner. What could it mean? He kept his big black eyes fixed on the spot to see what would happen.

This is what did happen. A man crept out of the window, picked up a wash-tub, and crept back with it into the house. He came again. This time he reached

out for a box, and disappeared as before. The third time he took some clothes from a line and carried them indoors. Then the blue-coated fireman went away.

Tony was puzzled. He did not understand for many weeks, not till he knew enough English to ask his teacher about it. Then she told him that fire-escapes were built on houses so that, in case of fire, people could use them to reach the ground in safety.

"But," said she, "what good are the fire-escapes if you and I pile boxes and tubs and other things on them? People may lose their lives if we are so careless. Every one of us ought to help the fire department keep the fire-escapes clear."

Tony's eyes grew big with surprise. He had never thought of such a thing before. Every day he was learning something new and trying to teach it to somebody else. Now he saw that his next pupil was to be his own mother.

He hurried home. Up the stairs he jumped two steps at a time and flew into the kitchen. The door slammed behind him with a bang. Without waiting to catch his breath, he rushed to his mother, grasped her hand, and pulled her over to the window. Then he pointed outside.

"What do you mean, Tony?" she asked.

"The trunk," he said. "You must take it inside." He pointed to the long wooden case that had brought

all their household goods from over the water. Dripping from one corner were some drops of water. The trunk was now the family ice-box.

"Inside!" said Tony again.

"But it is never going back to Italy," replied his mother.

"No, no, you don't understand," answered Tony. "I will tell you."

He tried to make her understand that in the big new city where they lived, everybody must think of his neighbors as well as himself. He told her, too, how the teacher had said that people were good citizens when they kept the streets clean and the fire-escapes empty.

"Citizens?" repeated Tony's mother. "I know now. That is what your father will be some day."

Tony drew himself up as tall as he could.

"*I am a citizen now,*" he said.

His mother smiled proudly at him as she leaned out and took their trunk off the fire-escape.

DUTY

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON



COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA
From the Painting by Brosik

COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA

A Painting by Brozik

THIS picture represents the turning point in the life of Christopher Columbus. For eighteen years he had believed that the earth was round and that by sailing steadily westward he could reach India. Every one had laughed at him for this and had refused the help he needed to make the experiment.

At last the king and queen of Spain consented to hear his story. It was the great chance of Columbus's life. The poor ridiculed sailor found himself in the richest, most splendid court in all Europe. Around him were men and women in beautiful silk and velvet robes, adorned with rare jewels and laces.

As he stood before the queen, Columbus had no thought for anything but the story he had to tell, in which he believed so firmly. With one hand on his map and the other pointing to the western ocean, he told his hearers of the treasures and the fame that awaited the country that would give him the ships to make his voyage of discovery.

We see him at a moment when he seems sure to succeed. His listeners whisper together and nod their heads, seeming to say, "It surely must be so." Isa-

bella looks as if she were convinced, and leans forward as if to say, "If the King will not help, I can at least give my jewels to send this brave man on his voyage."

The painting from which this picture is taken is very brilliant in coloring, for the artist has copied the richness of furnishings and costumes that made the Spanish court the most luxurious in the world.

KING, THE FIRE-DOG

IT was a bitter cold December night. The air was white with blinding snowflakes, and the wind howled angrily at doors and windows. It blew people around street corners and played hide-and-seek with their hats.

Inside the fire station all was warm and comfortable. Stretched at full length on an old coat by the warm steam-pipes lay King, the fire-dog, a splendid big St. Bernard. To look at him, you would not think he knew the meaning of fires or fire alarms.

His duties for the day were over. He had just helped the men make up the horses' beds for the night — or *thought* he had helped — and now he felt that he could go to sleep himself. Now and then he lazily opened a sleepy eye and glanced over at the man at the desk who was on watch. He saw him look out into the white street, shiver, and button his coat closer.

"A terrible night for a fire, King," said the man.

King was too sleepy to answer.



"I hope we don't have to turn out before morning."

Ding — ding — ding — ding. The bell under the clock began to strike with short, quick strokes. "Listen," it seemed to say. "Somebody is needed and it may be you."

From the floor above, the men came sliding down the slippery brass pole. So close together were they that each one almost touched the head of the man just below him.

The big gray horses sprang from their stalls. With a dash they were under the harness and, with ears erect, stood motionless as if they were really counting the strokes.

With one anxious loud bark, King had taken his

usual place in front of the horses. He was ready to be the first out into the street when the doors were flung back. To rush ahead and clear the way for horses and engine — that was his duty, and he never neglected it. Warm beds and steam-pipes are pleasant, but when a dog belongs to the fire department, he has other things to think of.

Ding — ding — ding — ding — continued the bell. A short pause, a few more quick, sharp strokes, and the box number was finished. The fire was only a few blocks away!

Bang! The heavy doors came open. In less time than it takes to tell about it, the engine was out in the street and headed for the fire. King led the way, followed by the brave grays, who pulled and strained with all their might. He kept a few feet ahead of them, jumping and barking furiously and telling people as plainly as he could in his dog-language, "Please don't get in our way. Keep at a safe distance. We don't want to run over you."

At the first corner, the engine made a turn. When it started in the next direction, King was missing. His sharp eyes had discovered a big bundle near the sidewalk. He gave it one quick sniff and leaped back to the horses, then stopped short. There was something about that bundle that told him he ought not to go on. Yet straight ahead he could see long tongues of flame bursting out of the snowy whiteness. What

should he do? It was a hard thing for a fire-dog to decide. He turned back.

A pitiful little cry — a baby's cry — greeted him as he again bent over the bundle. Without stopping a moment, King grasped the little one's dress firmly in his strong teeth. Picking her up from the ground, he started for the station. There was an anxious look on his face, for the larger part of the bundle had been left behind.

At last, panting and white with snow, he reached the station doors. They were closed tight! With a howl of despair, he laid his burden gently on the sidewalk. Then he scratched and pawed and barked again and again. He pricked up his ears sharply and listened. There was a sound of footsteps inside. Another minute and the doors were opened by a big blue-coated policeman. He and King were old friends.

"Why, my good dog, what have you here?" he asked in surprise, as he stooped and picked up the bundle. It did not take him long to make a bed for the baby in one of the big chairs, and then he began to warm her cold little hands.

King gave short barks of joy, but he was not satisfied. As soon as the baby was taken care of, he ran wildly back and forth between his policeman friend and the doors, saying as clearly as he could, "Follow me."

The policeman understood, and he quickly followed the dog out into the street. Not long afterwards, a

second chair was drawn up by the steam-pipes, and in it sat a weak, half-frozen woman slowly coming back to life.

"She couldn't have kept alive much longer, King, my boy," said the officer, laying his hand on the dog's shaggy head. "Two lives saved to-night. That's a record any one might be proud of."

When the firemen returned to the station some hours later, tired and cold and dirty, they stopped short at the object that met their eyes. A sleeping baby! What could it mean?

Keeping guard in front of her chair like a faithful nurse-maid, never once letting his big brown eyes leave the little one's face, sat King. He was so intent on his task that he did not even jump up to welcome the firemen back. At that moment the police officer appeared. He had taken the baby's mother home and had now come back for the baby herself.

"The greatest hero of your company didn't go to the fire to-night," said he, pointing to King.

"Oh, no," answered one of the men. "He's afraid of the cold. We are disappointed in King."

"Well, there is no reason why you should be," was the policeman's reply.

Then he told them all the story of King's brave rescue work.

"Well done, King," said the captain, when the story was finished. "We might have known you

couldn't be a coward. Shall we give him three cheers, boys?" They did, with a will.

Not many days later, King was the proud owner of a brand-new collar. A fire helmet hung in front so that everybody might know that he was a fire-dog. Best of all, on a shining plate were engraved the words: "King — one of the bravest members of the department."

THE FAIRY BOOK

WHEN Mother takes the Fairy Book

And we curl up to hear,
"Tis "All aboard for Fairyland!"
Which seems to be so near.

For soon we reach the pleasant place
Of Once Upon a Time,
Where birdies sing the hour o' day,
And flowers talk in rhyme;

Where Bobby is a velvet Prince,
And where I am a Queen;
Where one can talk with animals,
And walk about unseen;

Where Little People live in nuts,
And ride on butterflies,
And wonders kindly come to pass
Before your very eyes;

Where candy grows on every bush,
And playthings on the trees,
And visitors pick basketfuls
As often as they please.

It is the nicest time of day —
Though Bedtime is so near, —
When Mother takes the Fairy Book
And we curl up to hear.

ABBY FARWELL BROWN

THE FAIRY WHO GREW UP

THE fairy that I am going to tell you about lived in a queer town. One whole side of this town was called Fairyland. It was a beautiful park, with trees and lawns and singing brooks, and ever so many fairies in it. They had fairy houses, and fairy stores, and fairy wagons, and fairy railroad trains, and everything else that fairies like to play with. All day long the fairies did nothing but play and sing and laugh and think of nothing in particular.

The other part of the town was called Manland. The people in Manland did not spend much time in play, for they worked a great deal.

Our fairy spent his time, of course, in Fairyland. All day long he did nothing but play and sing and laugh and think of nothing in particular.

One day he saw a woman coming out of Manland.

He went up to her and said, "Will you please tell me what they do in Manland? Do they play all day, as we do?"

"No," said the woman, "we do not play all day; we work."

"And what is work?" asked the fairy.

The woman replied, "The farmer raises food for others to eat. The manufacturer makes clothing for others to wear. The physician heals those who are sick. The teacher teaches children the things they ought to know. Fathers and mothers toil all day in order that their little ones may grow up to be strong men and women. Lawmakers and judges make and administer laws in order that men shall deal justly in the land. This is what they do in Manland. This is work."

The fairy listened, but he couldn't quite understand. It didn't seem very interesting to work all day, especially to work for others, so he went back to play.

One day, however, when he started to play a game with the other fairies, they said, "We don't want you in this game. You're too big." And sure enough, he was growing taller.

He stopped and thought for a moment and then he said to himself, "I don't believe I want to play with those little fairies. . . . Yes, I do, too! . . . No, I don't either! . . . I don't know what I want. What is it I really want?"

Each day after this the fairy found that he was growing taller and taller. Each day he tried to play with the other fairies, but they always said, "You're too big," and he always said to himself, "I don't know what I want to do. I wonder what I really want."

Then he looked over Fairyland, and behold! all the fairy houses and stores and wagons and railroad trains were nothing but toys. The fairy said, "This is not what I want. What is it that I really want? I must find some one who can tell me."

Now there were several men looking over into Fairyland, watching the fairies at their play; but one man was looking straight at the fairy who was not at play. This man was different from the others; his face was thoughtful, a little sad, and very kind. He looked so friendly that the fairy went straight to him and said, "Can you tell me what it is that I really want?"

"Yes," said the friendly man, "I can tell you, for I was once just what you are now. The fact is that you are growing up. You are ceasing to be a fairy; you are becoming a man. What you really want is to have something to do in Manland."

"What is there to do in Manland?" asked the fairy.

The man replied, "Food must be raised for others to eat; clothing must be made for others to wear; and sick people must be healed. Boys and girls must be

taught the things they need to know; little children must be brought up to be strong men and women; and justice must be made to prevail through all the land. And someone must tell the people that all this is God's will. This is what there is to do in Manland."

"What reward have they who work in Manland?" asked the fairy.

The man replied, "They who work in Manland have this reward: They see the hungry fed, the naked clothed, the sick healed, the ignorant enlightened, weak children becoming strong men and women, justice prevailing over the whole land, and the people understanding that God is in it all. This is the reward that they have who work in Manland."

Then the man turned to go back to Manland. And the fairy started after him saying, "Now I know what it is I really want."

GEORGE A. COE

No man is born into this world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

INFANTA MARGARITA

*A Painting by Velasquez*¹

THE picture on page 29 is the portrait of a young princess, painted by one of the greatest artists that ever lived. His name is Velasquez and he lived in Spain about three hundred years ago. At that time Spain was a rich and powerful country, and proud of the fact that she had sent Christopher Columbus to discover the New World.

No one has ever painted more wonderful portraits than Velasquez. Most of his pictures were painted for the royal family of Spain and most of them are still kept in that country.

His pictures look like real people; they seem almost to think and speak. Look at the princess. See her serious dark eyes, her round cheeks, and her soft hair tied with a ribbon like any little girl's of to-day.

Except for her dress, she might be a little American school girl. In those days, even very young princesses were dressed like grown women in heavy silks, stiff with embroidery and trimming.

This painting is one of the chief treasures of a great gallery in Paris. If you could look at it and see its bright natural colors, you would never forget the great Spanish artist who painted portraits so wonderfully.

¹ Pronunciation: vā lās' kāth.



INFANTA MARGARITA
From the Painting by Velasquez

SONS OF RUBENS

A Painting by Peter Paul Rubens

THESE two boys are brothers. Their names are Albert and Nicholas and they are sons of Peter Paul Rubens, a famous painter who lived about three hundred years ago in the city of Antwerp.

The boys are painted with the things they loved most. Albert, the older, has a book in his hand, and Nicholas has his tame bird. Albert's arms are about his younger brother, of whom he was very proud.

Their father was a very great man, not only because he could paint but because he could say the right thing at the right time. On account of his tact and good judgment, his country sent him at different times as ambassador to Rome, Spain, and England. His great ability, charming manners, and warm heart made him liked everywhere he went.

When Rubens was in Spain, he knew Velasquez, the great portrait painter whom you have just read about. The two painters learned much from each other.

Rubens painted this picture of his sons after the visit to the court of Spain when he met Velasquez. The boys are dressed in Spanish costumes which their father brought home with him. Nicholas has gray breeches, and a blue slashed jacket with yellow satin ribbons and puffs.



SONS OF RUBENS
From the Painting by Rubens

After Rubens became famous, he lived much like a prince. He built a large house and bought for it all kinds of treasures from many parts of the world. Yet he continued to love his work best and never failed to take delight in his painting.

THE BOY WHO WAS NOT AFRAID

A True Story

IN Baby Calvin's back-yard, some interesting work was going on. One day several men appeared with picks and shovels and began digging a hole in the ground. It was a round hole, not very large at the top, but every day growing deeper and deeper into the earth.

Baby Calvin's mother told him that the time would come when the men would reach pure, clear water. Then a bucket would be lowered and the water would be drawn up so that they could have all they wanted to drink.

As the little two-year-old boy peeped over the top, it did not seem to him that good drinking water could ever come from so dark a hole. Not very far down, he could see roots and little sharp stones sticking out at the sides. Below, it was smoother but darker, while at the bottom it was so very dark that he drew back in fear. The solid ground and the bright sunlight were much better than the dark hole.



The day came when water really began to trickle into the well-bottom. And then, all at once, work stopped short and the men went away.

"Too bad," Baby Calvin heard his grandfather say, "to dig sixty feet and then strike hard rock at last. We'll have to give it up for good."

"How much water is there now?" asked Baby Calvin's mother.

“Only eighteen inches.”

Baby Calvin did not quite understand all that was said. He simply knew that from that time the hole was left alone. He soon forgot all about it — forgot it so completely that one afternoon he stepped right into it! Past the sharp stones and wet sides, down, down, and down he dropped. Then, splash! he fell into the water at the bottom and came to a sudden stop.

For one moment he was too frightened even to cry. Then he looked up. Such a long, dreadful hole as it was! It seemed longer and more dreadful looking up from the bottom than down from the top.

“Mother! Grandpa! Uncle John! I’m in the well!” The poor little prisoner cried with all his might, calling the names of the three who would come to his help if anybody could.

Soon a white, scared face showed itself at the top — his mother’s! How very far away she seemed! Though she stretched her arms downward as far as possible and Baby Calvin strained his tiny ones upward to meet them, it was no use. The long, deep, dark hole kept them apart.

“Wait, darling,” called Baby Calvin’s mother, “I will come for you.”

The next face that came to the top was Grandfather’s, then Uncle John’s, and after a time, those of the neighbors. They all talked at once. Baby Calvin

could hear their loud voices and now and then make out what they said.

"Will you try it?" said one.

"I should be glad to," answered a second, "but I'm not small enough."

"No," spoke up a third, "only a boy could attempt it, and it would be no easy task for him."

"But the child will drown," next came Grandfather's anxious voice. "The little fellow cannot stand it much longer."

"Grandpa, oh, Grandpa, take me!" cried out Baby Calvin.

At that moment his mother came back. She had rushed into the house, and now appeared dressed in men's clothing. Such a strange looking mother as she was!

A rope was quickly tied under her arms, and she started to lower herself into the well. But her body stuck fast in the narrow opening. Even she was too large to go to her baby's rescue. A sharp cry of disappointment and despair burst from her lips.

"Here comes Elbert," somebody called out. "If it can be done, he is the one to do it. He surely is small enough."

"That's not all," a voice replied. "He has a cool head, for a sixteen-year-old boy."

Once more Baby Calvin saw a figure at the opening above him. It was Elbert, with a stout rope looped

under his arms. For a few minutes the baby forgot to cry. He was too busy watching the boy, as he came nearer and nearer. Soon little Calvin felt his wrist grasped tightly.

“Ready!” Elbert’s voice sounded in his ears.
“Hoist us up!”

Those above obeyed instantly. Up and up — slowly but surely — Baby Calvin felt himself being lifted towards the bright sunlight. The wet, stony sides of the well were sliding past.

When it seemed as if mother, grandfather, and uncle must be very near, Elbert’s voice again called out, “Stop! I can’t hold on any longer!”

“You must!” came the answer.

“Then pull me up.”

The words were hardly out of the boy’s mouth, when there came a tearing sound. The next moment Baby Calvin found himself again at the well-bottom — and alone.

“Grandpa! Grandpa! Come and get me!” he shrieked.

The voices above grew louder.

“Why did you let go of the child?” somebody asked angrily.

“I did my best,” replied Elbert. “The well was too small for me to get a good hold. Then the little fellow’s dress tore. That was the trouble. See, here is the sleeve band.”

"Don't be too hard on the boy," a man said kindly. "His arms are skinned and his face is badly scratched."

"Will you try again, Elbert?" spoke up another man. "If you do, it will have to be head first. But we will see that no harm comes to you."

"I'll do it," said Elbert.

They bound his feet together with stout rags and tied a rope around his ankles in such a way that it could not pull off. The end of a second rope, with a loop in it, was given to him and he was told to put it around Baby Calvin. Like a diver, with head down and hands forward, Elbert started on the second trip.

"Drop me quickly," he said to those who were lowering him.

Little Calvin's heart was once more filled with hope. It looked as if he might, after all, get out of the deep hole, though it took some time for Elbert to get the rope around him and tie it securely.

"Ready! Hoist us up!" at last came the command.

This time the journey towards sunlight had a happy ending. Though chilled and bleeding, Elbert was not long in recovering from the effects of his brave deed. As for little Calvin, he was found to be none the worse for his imprisonment in the dark well. When he grows older, and his mother tries to teach him the meaning of the word *hero*, don't you think it will be an easy task?



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

RALPH WALDO EMERSON was one of the most noted American writers. His home at Concord, Massachusetts, was the center of a group of authors and scholars which made the little town famous. Emerson preached, lectured, and wrote. Best of all, he lived a beautiful life. He died in 1882, at the age of seventy-nine.

Emerson is sometimes called a philosopher, for in his thoughts and his sayings he showed that he was a wise man.

In this poem, he writes as if the little squirrel were a philosopher, too. Don't you think the squirrel was right in what he told the mountain? He said that although the mountain was larger than its small neighbor, that fact did not prove it was any better.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel,
And the former called the latter "Little Prig;"
Bun replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place:
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A THANKSGIVING

FOR flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see;
 Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees;

 Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THANKSGIVING DAY

PIES of pumpkin, apple, mince,
Jams and jellies, peach and quince,
Purple grapes and apples red,
Cakes and nuts and gingerbread —
 That's Thanksgiving.

Turkey! Oh, a great big fellow!
Fruits all ripe and rich and mellow.
Everything that's nice to eat,
More than I can now repeat —
 That's Thanksgiving.

Lots and lots of jolly fun,
Games to play and races run,
All as happy as can be —
For this happiness you can see
 Makes Thanksgiving.

We must thank the One who gave
All the good things that we have;
That is why we keep the day
Set aside, our mothers say,
 For Thanksgiving.

EUGENE FIELD

A THANKSGIVING PSALM

MAKE a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness:
Come before his presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and we are his:
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise:
Give thanks unto him, and bless his name.

For the Lord is good; his mercy endureth forever;
And his faithfulness unto all generations.

THE HUNDREDTH PSALM

THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

“TIN soldiers!”

Those were the very first words our Little Soldier heard when he opened his eyes. They were spoken by a Small Boy who stood clapping his hands over a birthday box which held twenty-five tin soldiers in red and blue uniforms. Each carried his musket over his shoulder, and looked straight before him.

“Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five,” counted the Boy as he stood them in a row. “But, Mother, see! Here is one with only one leg. Let us try if he can stand. Why, Mother, he can, just as well as the others. Perhaps he will turn out to be the bravest of them all!”

The one-legged Soldier heard, and drew himself up very straight, for he was as proud a little gentleman as ever was made from an Old Tin Spoon. Then he began to look about him, thinking the wide world a wonderful place, for he was standing on a table covered with playthings.

One toy he thought very beautiful indeed. This was a castle with a blue lake in front; white swans were swimming about on the lake. He did not know that the castle was pasteboard, or that the lake was only a looking-glass, or that the swans were made of wax.

The Tin Soldier looked toward the doorway of the castle, and there he saw the most wonderful thing of all. This was a little lady in a very gay dress with a narrow blue ribbon thrown over her shoulder. To be sure, she and her dress were only paper, and the rose she wore was nothing but a bit of tinsel. But the one-legged Soldier did not notice that. One thing he did notice, however, and that was that the Little Lady was standing on one foot — for you see she was a dancer.

“Ah!” thought he, “she too has only one leg, and she’s just the wife for me!”

Then he remembered that her home was this beautiful palace, while his was a narrow space in a pasteboard box. And with that thought he grew very sad.

After a while night came, and the Small Boy was carried off to bed. For a long time all was very dark and still in the nursery. The Little Tin Soldier lay down behind a snuff-box which he found lying on the table, for he wanted to be alone.

One, two, three, four, five hours passed; then the clock in the hall began to strike twelve. Suddenly, at the last stroke, the lid of the snuff-box bounced off, and out popped a little black Goblin.

Up jumped the Little Tin Soldier ready to fight for his Little Lady if she were in danger. This made the Goblin very angry, and he cried, “Stop your stupid staring, you one-legged soldier!”

To this rude speech our hero made no answer, but that only made the Goblin angrier still. "Just you wait till morning!" he said.

In the meantime the other playthings had waked up, too, and now the Tin Soldier saw a funny sight. All the toys began to play games. The nut-crackers commenced to turn somersaults, and the pens and pencils took to playing leap-frog. What a pity that the sleepy-headed little Master of the nursery should have missed all the fun!

Only two of the toys did not stir from their places — the Little Dancer who was still standing on the tip of her toe, and the loyal Tin Soldier who never turned his eyes away from her for all the frolic.

Morning came, and the playthings returned to their boxes. When the maid came to tidy the room, she put the Soldier on the window-sill. Then a sad thing happened. Suddenly the window flew open, and our little hero felt himself caught up into the air. He began to fall — down, down, down, head over heels and heels over head. Would the end ever come? At last he reached the ground, still alive, though his musket was caught between the paving-stones, while his one brave little leg stuck straight up toward the sky.

The maid and the Boy came running down at once, but though they nearly stepped on him, they did not find him; for you see the Goblin had put his wicked

spell on them all. To be sure, if the Tin Soldier had just called out, "Here I am," he might have broken the spell; but he thought that it would not be proper for a man in uniform to make an outcry.

After a while it began to rain. The drops came slowly at first, then faster and faster until the street looked like a river. Soon two boys came by and spied the Little Tin Soldier.

"Ho, ho!" they cried, "let us make a boat for him out of this old newspaper."

They made the queerest looking boat you ever saw and put the Little Soldier in the middle of it. Then they set him adrift in the gutter, where there were great waves, fully six inches high! The current grew stronger and stronger, and the little boat was carried along, first into a dark drain, then down into a great canal. The Soldier prepared to die as a brave Tin Soldier should, thinking of his lady love to the end.

Suddenly the paper broke apart, and the very next instant our hero knew that he had been swallowed whole by a great fish! Oh, what a dark place this new prison was! So much lonelier than his old corner in the cardboard box!

For a long time he could feel that the fish was swimming about, but after a while all became very still. Then, as suddenly as a stroke of lightning, he saw the daylight once more, and he heard a voice saying, "The one-legged Soldier!"



You see the fish had been caught, and the cook was now getting him ready for the oven. She picked up the Little Tin Soldier and carried him off to the nursery, where the children came crowding about to see the wonderful man who had travelled the wide world and the high seas inside of a fish.

After a while our Soldier began to look around him; and, lo and behold! he found himself standing upon the very same table where he had begun his little life! Yes, there indeed were his twenty-four brothers — those brave sons of the Old Tin Spoon! And there, too, was the castle with his Little Lady still standing on

the tip of her tiny toe. At that moment he came very near to weeping happy tears of tin.

But, alas, his happiness was not to last, for the naughty Goblin had crept up behind the Small Boy's ear and had put a thought into his head. Suddenly, without so much as a warning, the Boy caught the Little Soldier about the waist, and flung him into the stove.

For a full minute our hero stood up straight among the coals. He still held his musket over his shoulder, while all that remained of the bright coloring of his uniform melted away. And now a wonderful thing happened, for as he kept looking at his Little Lady, she turned to look at him!

Just then the nursery door flew open. A gust of wind caught the Dancer's skirt and carried her into the air. Lightly she rose and fell, and in another moment she had drifted straight into the flames at the Little Soldier's feet. But, alas! before he could drop his musket, which he had carried so bravely his whole life through, the tiny Lady was wrapped in flames, and lost to him forevermore.

The next morning when the maid came to take away the ashes, she found that nothing was left of the tiny Dancer except the tinsel rose, burned as black as a coal. And all that remained of the Little Tin Soldier was a lump of metal in the shape of a little tin heart.

F. E. WREATHERLY

J. L. MOLLOY
Arr. by J. P. McCASKEY

1. He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg had he ;
 2. Once as he watched his rose-love, Winds from the north did blow,
 3. Once more he sees his rose-love, Still she is danc - ing gay,



She was a lit - tle fai - ry dan - cer, Bright as bright could be.
 Swept him out of the casement Down to a stream be - low.
 He is worn and fad - ed, Loy - al still for aye.



She had a cas - tle and gar - den, He but an old box dim;
 True to his lit - tle la - dy, Still he shouldered his gun;
 Then came a hand that swept them In - to a fur - nace wide,



THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER

49



She was a dain - ty rose - love, Far too grand for him.
 Soon, ah, soon, came the darkness, Life and love un - done.
 Part - ed in life, in dy - ing They are side by side.



He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg had he;
 He was a lit - tle tin sol - dier, One lit - tle leg had he;
 Ah! for the lit - tle tin sol - dier, Ah! for her cru - el - ty!



Brave - ly shoul - dered his mus - ket, Fain her love would be.
 Ne'er in the world a lov - er Half so true could be.
 There lies her rose in ash - es, There his loy - al lit - tle heart.



THE FIRST CUCKOO-CLOCK

A GREAT many years ago, there lived in the snow-capped mountains of Switzerland a clock-maker and his little son Max. The mother had died when Max was a baby, and as he had neither brothers nor sisters, he and his father were great companions. The two spent many happy hours together at the work-bench while the clock-maker showed his boy how to make wonderful clocks, for Max meant to follow that occupation some day.

His lessons did not end indoors, however. His father early taught him to learn from Nature and to love out-of-door life. Among other things, he became acquainted with the birds and learned to tell one feathered friend from another, to discover the nests where they kept house, and to imitate their sweet music.

The clock-maker used to have long talks with his little son about being kind to the birds. He explained what a wicked thing it was for boys to steal their nests or throw stones at the little trusting creatures.

“But, Father,” Max said one day while they were out walking together, “can’t I take one of the birds home, if I promise to be good to her? I will make her a wonderful cage that will be far better than her rough nest of straw and threads. Surely that would not be wrong?”

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"Perhaps not exactly wrong, son," the clock-maker answered, "but how much kinder to let the birds live their lives in their own way! Do you think they would enjoy being imprisoned, even in a pretty new home, after being able to fly wherever they pleased?"

Down deep in his heart, Max knew his father was right, but he still kept on wanting a bird for his very own. One day not long after this, he had to take his walk all alone, for the clock-maker was busy finishing some work that had to be sent off that night.

As Max was strolling through the woods whistling to himself, he suddenly heard the call of a cuckoo. Guided by the sound, he soon found the nest on a low branch of a tree and so near the ground that he was able to touch it by standing on his toes.

Strangely enough, the bird that Max found in the nest did not attempt to fly away. She only made a little scolding noise, as much as to say, "Please go away, Max, and leave me alone."

Max was about to pass by, but just at that moment it came to him like a flash that this was his chance to capture a pet. The words of his father were entirely forgotten; he threw his cap over the cuckoo, clutched her gently, and lifted her from the nest.

The poor little bird made a feeble cry of surprise, but Max scarcely heard her, so anxious was he to get home and build her a cage.

The clock-maker had gone out, and Max was not

exactly sorry at not finding him, for suddenly he remembered what his father had said about caging birds in the house. What should he do? He wanted to obey his good father, but at the same time he longed — oh, so much! — to keep the cuckoo for his own.

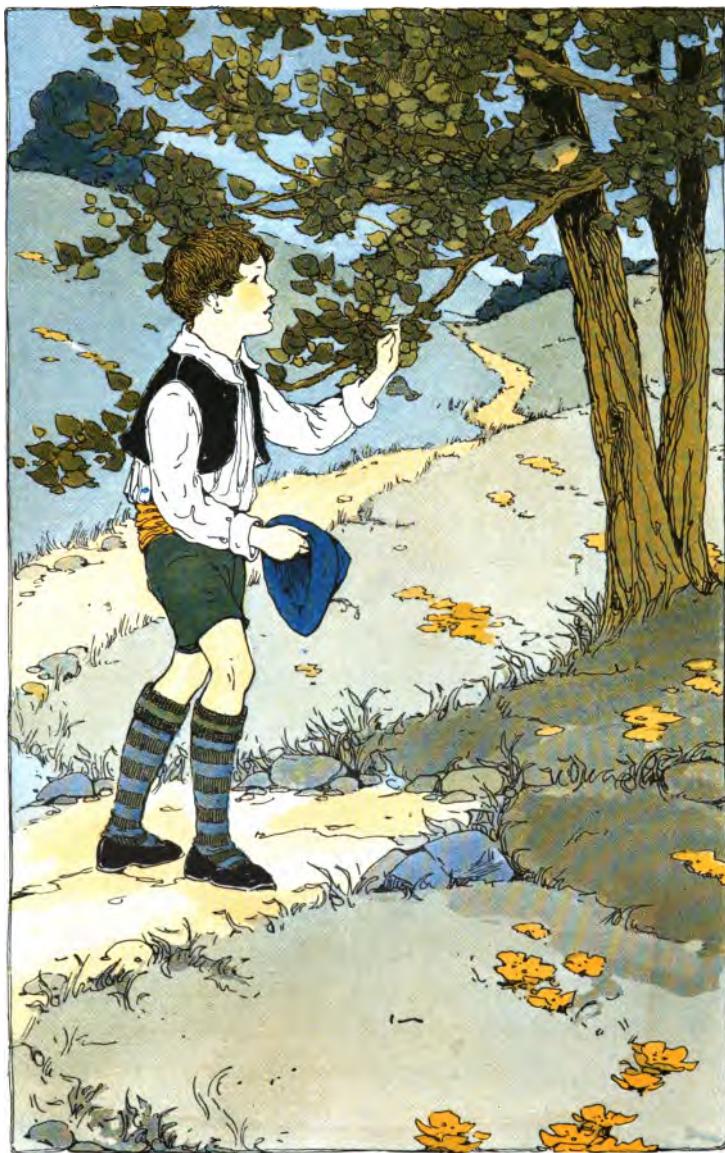
He took the bird to his father's shop. In the center of the room was the long work-bench covered with bits of wood and shavings and all kinds and sizes of clocks. Some were just begun, others were nearly finished, while still others were all ready to be sold.

Max placed the bird on the bench. At first she hopped about from clock to clock. Then she settled quietly on one end of the bench and looked up at him with big, sad eyes, that made him feel very uncomfortable.

Just then the outer door opened and Max knew that his father had returned. His first thought was to get the cuckoo out of the way as soon as possible. Any one of the clocks offered a good hiding place. He hastily opened the door of the nearest one, thrust the poor bird inside, slammed the door after her, and started to clear the bench for supper.

You may be sure that Max was feeling very unhappy all this time. He hardly dared tell his father what he had done, and yet he could not bear to think of leaving the bird locked up in the clock all night.

It was just six o'clock when he and his father sat down to eat. The different clocks began to strike the



hour, some softly and slowly like church chimes, others with a sharp, loud alarm call, and yet others with quick strokes, as if they had a duty to perform and wanted to be through with it.

The last sound had died away, when "Cuck-oo!" came a faint little voice.

The father dropped his fork in amazement. "What can that be, son?"

Max felt his cheeks grow red, but before he had time to reply, the call came again, "Cuck-oo!"

"Why, Max," the clock-maker exclaimed, "there must be a cuckoo in this room. But how —"

"Cuck-oo!" the same little voice interrupted once more.

This time the father rose from the bench and began a search of the room. He had not gone far before three more calls came in quick succession.

"Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo!" Six in all! The same number as the strokes of the clock! But the call was not a glad one; only a sad little cry for liberty.

"Oh, Father!" sobbed Max, jumping up from his seat and running over to the clock-maker, "don't hunt any more. I can tell you all about it. I captured a cuckoo in the woods — and — and — shut her up."

When the clock-maker understood, without saying a word he set the captive free. A glad cry of thanks

from the grateful bird rewarded him. She flew from the box and settled on the father's shoulder.

"See, Max!" the clock-maker cried, "how thankful this little bird is for her freedom! And how glad we are that we let her out in time! If she had lost her life at our hands, could we ever have forgiven ourselves? Would it not have made us very unhappy to think there was one less bird-song in the woods because we were selfish and cruel? I know you didn't mean to be heartless. Would you not rather send the pretty cuckoo back to her cozy home than keep her shut up where she is lonely and sad?"

"Oh, yes, yes, Father!" Max replied gladly. "I know now I like her best out of doors. She looked kindly at me then, and now she doesn't."

So the cuckoo was taken to the door and given her liberty.

As they turned to go indoors, the clock-maker said, "Listen Max. That little bird has suggested something to me. Why not make a clock with a cuckoo that shall call out the hours, just as the real bird did a few minutes ago?"

Max clapped his hands in excitement.

"Oh, good, good!" he cried. "And, Father, will you have the cuckoo come out of the clock every hour, instead of staying inside all the time? I know she won't be truly alive, but it will make me feel better if she has the air now and then."

So the first cuckoo-clock was planned, and before many months Max's father completed the prettiest clock that had ever been made in Switzerland. At the top was a wonderfully carved house with sloping roof and a door, out of which the cuckoo stepped each hour to tell the time. Her voice sounded very much like that of the bird whose story I have been telling you.

Travelers to that part of the country became so much interested in the new kind of clock that they bought many of them from Max's father. A large number of these clocks were taken to America.

If you have a cuckoo clock in your home, I hope you will think often of Max, his kind father, and the little bird who suggested the first cuckoo-clock.

MAY EMERY HALL



A MEDAL OF HONOR

HARRY was walking in the park one day with Grandfather. Grandfather was tall and straight, with snow-white hair, and although he could not walk very fast on account of a slight limp, Harry always liked to go out with him. Grandfather had been a soldier and he had many stories to tell.

He had known Abraham Lincoln and General Grant, and had himself fought at the great battle of Gettysburg. To grown-up people he seldom spoke of these things, but when he was alone with Harry, he told him many tales that made history seem like a wonderful story.

Suddenly, as they were walking down a sun-lit path, Grandfather stopped and looked closely at an old man coming toward them. Then he straightened himself, brought his heels sharply together, and lifted his hand to his hat brim in a stiff military salute. The old man, who was very shabby and had only one arm, lifted his hand in a similar salute and passed on, while Harry, his eyes wide with interest, looked after him.

"Grandfather, why did you do that? Who was that old man? Do you know him?" he exclaimed.

Grandfather laughed softly as they walked on. "No, Harry, I never saw him before, and I probably never shall again. But I know that he is a brave man

and has been a good soldier. So, as I am an old soldier myself, I wished to salute him."

"But, Grandfather, how did you know?"

"Because, as he came near us, I saw on his vest inside his coat a little bronze cross. It was the Victoria Cross, the medal of honor that England gives to the bravest men of her army and navy, the men who by some rare act of heroism have saved human life at the risk of their own."

"I never heard of it before," said Harry.

"Perhaps not, but it is the medal that every English soldier or sailor would rather have than any other. The order was founded in 1856 by Queen Victoria.

"The first cross was given to a sailor, a man named Lucas, who afterward rose to the rank of Rear Admiral. During a naval battle in the Baltic Sea, a shell dropped on the deck of his ship. In an instant a terrible explosion would have killed many people and probably destroyed the ship. But more quickly than I can tell you, Lucas picked up the thing in his bare hands and with a quick jerk threw it overboard. For this bravery he was promoted and received the first Victoria Cross.

"You did not notice the cross as the old soldier passed — it is very rarely that we see one of them in America — but after this you must watch for it. It is a very simple bronze cross, with a crown and lion on it, and the words "For Valor." Although it is



THE VICTORIA CROSS

worth only nine cents, it is the highest honor England can bestow on her sons. It has no regard for titles, and is given with equal honor to a soldier in the ranks and to a commanding general."

"Do other countries have medals for bravery?" asked Harry.

"Certainly. Every country is proud of her brave sons and wants to show them honor. In Germany the Iron Cross of Prussia holds the same place of honor that the Victoria Cross holds in England. It is an iron cross with a silver edge, and may be won by the humblest private, while at the same time the son of the Emperor is proud to receive it.

"In France the White Star of the Legion of Honor is the medal that every man wishes to win. This order was founded by Napoleon. There are now five classes of it, so that the government is able to give the honor to men who serve the state bravely in peace, as well as in war."

"Do they have a medal in Russia, too?" asked Harry.

"Yes, indeed, a very beautiful one, the Order of St. George.



THE IRON CROSS

There are four classes in this order, but each of them is given for rare bravery. The highest class of the order is given only to generals who capture the capital city of an enemy. Although the order is more than a hundred and fifty years old, only four members of the royal family have ever received this cross.

"Austria also has an order for generals and high officers who win great victories. It is the Cross of Maria Theresa, and was awarded less than sixty times in the hundred years before the European War of 1914. Italy has two decorations for her brave soldiers and sailors, the Order of the Crown of Italy and the Order of Savoy."

"How about the United States?" asked Harry. "Don't we have medals for our brave men?"

Grandfather smiled a little and said, "Yes, we do, but we do not have a regular order like the countries in Europe. If Congress wishes to honor a man, it gives him what is called the Medal of Honor, a little bronze star on a ribbon, or a smaller star that he may wear in his buttonhole."



THE LEGION OF HONOR



THE ORDER OF
ST. GEORGE



THE ORDER OF THE
CROWN OF ITALY



THE MEDAL OF
HONOR

Harry looked up at Grandfather's coat.

"Why, Grandfather, you have a star in your button-hole! Did Congress give you the Medal of Honor? Are you a hero?"

Grandfather smiled. "Congress gave me this little star," he said, "but I certainly do not call myself a hero."

"What did you do that was so brave? Why haven't you told me about it before?"

"Because, Harry — and remember this — gentlemen do not speak of the things they have done themselves. They let people find them out, just as you have done. For that reason I would rather not tell you myself why Congress gave me this little star. For that story you must go to some one else."

GERTRUDE HILL SPRINGER

THE STORY OF A CAVALRY HORSE

THIS story of the Cavalry Horse is a chapter from *Black Beauty*, written by Mrs. Anna Sewell, a woman who loved all animals. Black Beauty was a horse, and in the story he tells of his own life from his days as a little colt with his mother, to the time when, after many experiences good and bad, he became the pet of two ladies. During his life, he made many friends, among them Captain, a big gray cavalry horse, who told him of his experiences at war.

CAPTAIN had been broken in and trained for an army horse. His first owner was an officer of cavalry going out to the Crimean War. Captain said he quite enjoyed the training with all the other horses, trotting together, turning together to the right hand or left, halting at the word of command, or dashing forward at full speed at the sound of the trumpet.

He was a dark, dappled, iron-gray and was considered very handsome. His master, a young, high-spirited gentleman, was very fond of him and treated him with the greatest care and kindness. He told me that at first he thought the life of an army horse was very pleasant, but when it came to being sent abroad over the sea in a great ship, he almost changed his mind.

"That part of it," said he, "was dreadful! Of course we could not walk off the land into the ship. They put strong straps under our bodies and then we

were lifted off our legs, in spite of our struggles, and were swung through the air over the water, to the deck of the great vessel.

"There we were placed in small, close stalls, and for a long time were not able to see the sky or to stretch our legs. The ship sometimes rolled about in high winds, and we were knocked about and felt badly enough.

"However, at last it came to an end, and we were hauled up and swung over again to the land. We were very glad and snorted for joy when we once more felt firm ground under our feet.

"We soon found that the country we had come to was very different from our own, and that we had many hardships to endure, besides the fighting. But many of the men were so fond of their horses that they did everything they could to make us comfortable, in spite of snow, wet, and all things out of order."

"But what about the fighting?" said I. "Was not that worse than anything else?"

"Well," said he, "I hardly know. We always liked to hear the trumpet and to be called out, and were impatient to start off, though sometimes we had to stand for hours waiting for the word of command. When the word was given, we used to spring forward as gayly and eagerly as if there were no cannon balls or bullets. I believe that so long as we felt our rider firm in the saddle and his hand steady on the bridle,

not one of us gave way to fear, not even when the terrible bomb-shells whirled through the air and burst into a thousand pieces.

"My noble master and I went into many actions together and came through without a wound. I saw horses shot down with bullets, but I don't think I feared for myself. My master's cheery voice, as he



encouraged his men, made me feel as if he and I could not be killed. I had such perfect trust in him that I was ready to charge up to the very cannon's mouth. I saw many brave men cut down, many fall mortally wounded from their saddles, but until one dreadful day I had never felt terror. That day I shall never forget."

Here old Captain paused for a while and drew a long breath. I waited, and he went on.

"It was one autumn morning, and, as usual, an hour before daybreak, our cavalry had turned out ready for the day's work, whether it might be fighting or waiting. The men stood by their horses, ready for orders. As the light increased, there seemed to be some excitement among the officers, and before the day was well begun, we heard the firing of the enemy's guns.

"Then one of the officers rode up and gave the word for the men to mount. In a second every man was in his saddle, and every horse stood awaiting the touch of the rein or the pressure of his rider's heels. But we had been trained so well that, except for the champing of our bits and the tossing of our heads from time to time, it could not be said that we stirred.

"My dear master and I were at the head of the line. As all sat motionless and watchful, he took a little stray lock of my mane which had turned over on the wrong side, laid it over on the right, and smoothed it down with his hand. Then, patting my neck, he said, 'We shall have a day of it to-day, Bayard, my beauty; but we'll do our duty.'

"He stroked my neck that morning more than he had ever done before, quietly on and on as if he were thinking of something else. I loved to feel his hand on my neck, and arched my crest proudly and happily.

But I stood very still, for I knew when he liked me to be quiet and when gay.

"I cannot tell all that happened that day, but I will tell of the last charge that we made together. It was across a valley right in front of the enemy's cannon. By this time we were well used to the roar of heavy guns and the flying of shot near us; but I had never been under such a fire as we rode through that day. From the right, from the left, and from the front, shot and shell poured in on us. Many a brave man went down; many a horse fell, flinging his rider to the earth.

"My master, my dear master, was cheering on his comrades with his right arm raised on high, when one of the balls struck him. I felt him stagger with the shock, though he uttered no cry. I tried to check my speed; but the sword dropped from his right hand, the rein fell loose from the left, and sinking backward from the saddle, he fell to the earth. The other riders swept past us, and I was driven from the spot.

"I wanted to keep my place by his side and not leave him under the rush of horses' feet, but it was in vain. And now without a master or a friend, I was alone. Then fear took hold on me, and I trembled as I had never trembled before.

"Just then a soldier whose horse had been killed caught at my bridle and mounted me, and with this new master I went forward again. But our company was overpowered, and those who remained alive

after the fight came galloping back. Some of the horses had been so badly wounded that they could scarcely move; other noble creatures were trying on three legs to drag themselves along. The greater part of those that went out that morning never came back. In our stables there was only about one in four that returned.

"I never saw my dear master again. I believe he fell dead from the saddle. I never loved any other master so well.

"I went into many other battles, but was only once wounded, and then not seriously. When the war was over, I came back again to England, as sound and strong as when I went out."

I said, "I have heard people talk about war as if it were a very fine thing."

"Ah!" said he, "I should think they never saw it. No doubt it is very fine when there is no enemy, when it is just exercise and parade and sham fight. Yes, it is very fine then, but when thousands of good brave men and horses are killed or crippled for life, it has a very different look."

"Do you know what they fought about?" said I.

"No," said he, "that is more than a horse can understand, but the enemy must have been very wicked people if it was right to go all that way over the sea on purpose to kill them."

ANNA SEWELL

PERICLES, A HERO OF PEACE

FAR away across the sea there is a beautiful country called Greece. It is a little land, less than half the size of the state of New York. Two thousand years before Columbus discovered America, the people of this land were writing poems, carving statues from marble, and building temples so beautiful that we can hardly hope to have anything to equal them.

The most wonderful city in Greece is called Athens. Though her temples are now in ruins, many hundreds of people go there every year just to see what is left, and to imagine what the city was like in olden times.

Athens has had, perhaps, more famous citizens than any other city in the world. This story tells about a man named Pericles, a ruler of Athens, who did more than any one else to make the city beautiful.

Most of the men of olden times were soldiers, and they are famous for the battles they fought. Pericles was a soldier, too, but he loved peace better than war. It is not for his fighting, but for his wonderful buildings and good government that we remember him to-day.

Until his time, the buildings of Athens had been made of simple, common material. Pericles used stone, brass, ivory, gold, and silver in his buildings. He had to have good workmen who knew how to work with these materials. He did not force his men to

labor without wages, like slaves, as many of the rulers of those days did. He paid them fairly, using money from the city treasury.

The favorite goddess of the people of Athens was Athena, and if you will look carefully at the two names, you will see that the city was named for the goddess. The most beautiful of all the buildings which Pericles put up was a temple in honor of this goddess. It stood on the top of a hill called the A-cro'-po-lis, and was named the Par'-the-non—two words which look very hard to say, but which are not really hard when you divide them into syllables.

Inside of the Par'-the-non there was a large statue of Athena made of ivory and gold. It was carved by a famous sculptor named Phi'-di-as.

One day while this statue was being made, a workman lost his footing and fell from a great height. He was so badly hurt that the doctors said they could do nothing for him.

Pericles, who loved his workmen as his friends, was very sad when they brought him this news. That night he had a strange dream. He thought Athena herself came to him and told him just what medicine to use to make the poor man well. In the morning he remembered his dream, and did as he was told. The man did get well, and was soon able to go to work again.

Here is a story which shows how kind Pericles was.

His old schoolmaster, An-ax-ag'-or-as, thought that Pericles, having become famous, had forgotten all about him. He was so sad over this that he wished to die. The people of those days did a queer thing when they were tired of life; a man who wished to die would cover his head with a cloth and never take it off until he starved. Pericles, having heard that his old teacher had made up his mind to do this, went quickly to his house, hoping to be able to make him change his mind.

“What shall I do, An-ax-ag'-or-as,” said he, “when I no longer have you to give me good advice?”

The old man uncovered his head and answered, “Ah! Pericles, those that have need of a lamp should take care to keep it filled with oil.”

Pericles then saw that he had not treated his old master very well and from that time on never forgot to provide for him.



PERICLES

There is another story which shows that he was not only kind and wise, but that he knew how to keep his temper.

One day while he was doing some business in the market-place, a rude fellow came along and began to call him ugly names. Pericles went on with his business without answering a word. When he started for home in the evening, the man was still at his heels, and was still talking.

When they reached the house of Pericles, it was quite dark. The streets of Athens were not lighted, as those of our big cities are, and Pericles knew that the foolish fellow would be very likely to lose his way. So he stepped inside and ordered one of his servants to take a torch and guide the man safely home.

In the days when Pericles lived, nations were at war much of the time. Most people thought it quite right for a strong nation to take land away from a weaker nation by force. Such wars are called "wars of conquest."

Pericles was one of the few men who believed that that kind of fighting was wrong. He tried to teach the people that it was far wiser to take proper care of the land they already had, than to waste the lives of their soldiers in trying to steal from others. "When trees are trimmed," he told his people, "they will grow again; but when men are cut off, we cannot replace them so easily." Would this not be a good saying for all rulers to remember?

ALEXANDER, A HERO OF WAR

ALEXANDER was a prince whose father, Philip, ruled over a country then called Mac'-e-don, which lies in southeastern Europe. It was a small kingdom, about one third the size of the state of New York. Even when Alexander was a tiny boy, he made up his mind that when he became king he would try to make his country larger and stronger.

His father was a great soldier and spent much of his time fighting in distant lands. When the news of Philip's victories was brought to Mac'-e-don, Alexander always looked sad, for he said to himself, "My father will conquer the whole world, and leave nothing for me to do when I am a man."

The children of those days had no printed books from which to study. They had a few writings on parchment, which is the skin of sheep or goats made into sheets almost as thin as paper. Alexander had a parchment book that he liked to read. It was a poem by a Greek poet named Homer, telling of heroes who had fought in many famous battles. The boy read this until he knew it by heart. When he became a man, he kept a copy of the poem in a beautiful box, or casket, and carried it with him wherever he went.

Although Alexander was a prince, he did not have

an easy or idle life. His parents believed that a child who was some day to be a great general should early learn to bear, without complaint, such hardships as hunger and thirst and cold and heat.

When he became a man, this training helped him to set his soldiers a good example. One day when he and his army were crossing a desert, the men became so thirsty that they wanted to turn back. They were sure that they would find no water for many miles ahead. Suddenly some of the soldiers, who had wandered away from the main army, came to a tiny pool. There was just enough water for one person, so they filled a cup and hurried back to Alexander with their precious discovery. He took the cup, thanked the men for their thought of him, and then, in the sight of all, poured the water into the sand. Because there was not enough for everybody, he himself would not drink. The soldiers were ashamed of themselves, and marched on without any more grumbling.

Once when Alexander was still a young boy, King Philip received a present of a very fine war horse named Bu-ceph'-a-lus. He was a noble animal to look at, but so wild that none of the king's men could do anything with him. They led him to a great park, and there, with Philip and the whole court looking on, tried to tame him. It was of no use. The more they whipped the horse, the more savage he became, and not one of the men dared mount him.

At last the king became angry. "Take him back," he said, "I do not thank any one for making me such a gift as this."

Meanwhile Alexander had been watching all that was going on. He now stepped up to his father and said, "I can manage this horse, if you will let me try."

The king smiled. "A boy like you!" he said; "and if you fail, what then?"

"I will pay you the price of the horse," said Alexander.

Nearly every one was laughing by this time, but the young prince began to speak gently to the frightened animal, as he patted his glossy coat. Then he turned the horse's head toward the sun, for he had noticed that Bu-ceph'-a-lus was afraid of his own shadow. After a little while the horse became quieter, and Alexander leaped quickly on his back and was off like the wind.

Those who were looking on held their breath, for they thought the boy would surely be killed. But by and by, when the horse was tired, Alexander came riding back to the spot where the king was standing. As he jumped to the ground, his father caught him in his arms.

"My son," said he proudly, "this little kingdom of Mac'-e-don is far too small for you. Some day you will have a larger one."

Then he gave Bu-ceph'-a-lus to the boy for his own. In after years, when Alexander was a great general, he and Bu-ceph'-a-lus fought many battles together, and more than once the horse saved his master's life.

The young prince was not quite twenty years old when his father was killed, and he found himself



king of Mac'-e-don. When the wise men came to tell him that he was now their ruler, he made a speech in which he promised to carry out all his father's plans.

"You will find that the only change is in the *name* of your king," said he.

Though he was little more than a boy, he spoke in such a manly way that the people trusted him and were willing to follow him as they had followed Philip.

One of his first wars was against the people of a country called Thrace. Not many young men could have made the soldiers march into that land, because they, and many other people of that day, had a strange belief about Thrace.

They thought that in the mountains of Thrace there lived the god of the North Wind, old Bo'-re-as, a terrible creature with great wings, a long white beard, and hair all powdered with flakes of snow. Men said that his body ended in tails of serpents which beat the air as he flew. Wherever he went, he killed the grass and the flowers and all other beautiful things, leaving only snow and ice in their place.

Alexander did not believe this story, and he led his frightened men right into the country. Sure enough, they found no Bo'-re-as there. They met another danger, however, for the Thracians had a queer way of fighting. They gathered hundreds of loaded wagons at the top of the mountain up which Alexander's soldiers had to march. When they saw the enemy coming, they let these wagons roll down hill.

Alexander saw the wagons and quickly ordered his men to fall flat on the ground, locking their shields over their heads. This saved most of them from being crushed to death. The Thracians were so frightened at the idea of fighting with men whom

loaded wagons could not kill, that they ran in all directions. Alexander had an easy victory.

One of Philip's plans had been to conquer Asia. The Persians were the greatest people of Asia in those days, and their king was named Da-ri'-us. Alexander said, "The world is my kingdom"; so though he knew that Da-ri'-us had many more men than he, he made up his mind to go on with his father's work.

The king of Persia was not much afraid of "that boy," as he called Alexander. He even went to battle as if he were going to a parade, wearing a robe glittering with gold and precious stones, and riding in a gilded car. His soldiers, too, were dressed very gayly. Alexander's men were not so fine to look upon but they went ready to fight, heavily armed with spears and shields. Then, besides, the Persians were used to an easy way of living, while Alexander had taught his men to eat the coarsest food and to sleep on the bare ground, for he knew that that treatment would make better soldiers of them.

You will not be surprised to learn that Alexander won a great victory over the Persian king. After that he turned south, and made himself master of Egypt. Then he came back to Asia and marched through India. By this time he was called Alexander the Great, and people trembled when they heard his name.

"All the world is mine," he said. "To the west

of my kingdom there lies only a great desert, to the east only forests, to the north nothing but frozen marshes, and to the south a great ocean. Alas, there are no more worlds to conquer." And he sat down and wept.

With these victories came a sad change in Alexander's character. As a boy he had been greatly beloved. He had always been grateful for any kindness shown him. He had been thoughtful of the feelings of others, faithful to his friends, and just to his foes.

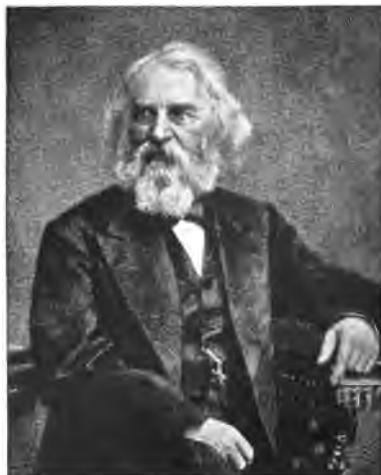
Now, however, he gave up the simple way of living that his father had taught him. He imitated the habits of the Persians, and spent his days in idleness. He became cruel, vain, and boastful.

Alexander died while still a young man, worn out, not by his great wars, but by his life of pleasure. He had conquered the world, but he had not been able to rule the kingdom of his own heart.

FOUR THINGS

FOUR things a man must learn to do,
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

HENRY VAN DYKE



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, our best known American poet, was born in 1807. His birthplace was in the New England city of Portland; he refers to the city in one of his poems as "the beautiful town that is seated by the sea." After he grew up, he lived at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he was a professor at Harvard University.

During his long life of seventy-five years, Longfellow was loved by everybody, especially the children. Many of his poems are about them.

The English people have placed a bust of the poet in Westminster Abbey. He is the only American thus honored.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

IN "The Children's Hour," Longfellow mentions his three daughters — Alice, Allegra, and Edith. There were two boys also — Charles and Ernest. The poet's household was a merry, happy one, for Longfellow was never too tired to play with his children or to tell them stories. In later years, his grandchildren used to visit him at the twilight hour, as their mothers had done before them.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,

A sudden raid from the hall!

By three doors left unguarded

They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret

O'er the arms and back of my chair;

If I try to escape, they surround me;

They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,

Their arms about me entwine,

Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen

In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,

Because you have scaled the wall,

Such an old mustache as I am

Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,

And will not let you depart,

But put you down into the dungeon

In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,

Yes, forever and a day,

Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,

And moulder in dust away!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



LONGFELLOW'S DAUGHTERS

LETTERS FROM LONGFELLOW

Here is a letter which Longfellow once wrote to a little girl:

Your letter followed me down here by the sea-side where I am passing the summer with my three little girls. The oldest is about your age; but as little girls' ages keep changing every year, I can never remember exactly how old she is, and have to ask her mamma, who has a better memory than I have. Her name is Alice; I never forget that. She is a nice girl

and loves poetry almost as much as you do. The second is Edith, with blue eyes and beautiful golden locks, which I sometimes call her "nankeen hair," to make her laugh. She is a very busy little woman, and wears gray boots. The youngest is Allegra, which, you know, means merry; and she is the merriest little thing you ever saw — always singing and laughing all over the house.

These are my three little girls; and Mr. Read has painted them all in one picture, which I hope you will see some day. They bathe in the sea and dig in the sand, and patter about the piazza all day long; and sometimes they go to see the Indians encamped on the shore and buy baskets and bows and arrows.

I do not say anything about the two boys. They are such noisy fellows it is of no use to talk about them.

Here is a part of another of Longfellow's letters; it was written to a friend in England.

I send you a photograph of my little Saxon Edith, eight years old. I wonder what you are doing this beautiful day. My little girls are flitting about my study, as blithe as two birds. They are preparing to celebrate the birthday of one of their dolls; and on the table I find a programme, in Edith's handwriting, which I send to you, thinking it may amuse you.

Edith occupies her leisure in a correspondence with me. Her post-office is under her pillow, where she expects to find a letter in the morning.

The following is probably the last letter Longfellow ever wrote. It was in answer to a poem sent him by a little girl in Pennsylvania on his birthday in 1882.

CAMBRIDGE,
MARCH 16TH, 1882

MY DEAR MISS BESSIE, —

I thank you very much for the poem you wrote me on my birthday, a copy of which your father sent me. It was very sweet and simple and does you great credit. I do not think there are many girls of your age who can write so well. I myself do not know of any. It was very good of you to remember my birthday at all, and to have you remember it in so sweet a way is very pleasant and gratifying to me.

With best wishes, I am, dear Miss Bessie,

Sincerely your friend,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

LONGFELLOW wrote "The Wreck of the Hesperus" one night after reading a newspaper notice of a wreck during a severe storm at sea. In the terrible tempest, a schooner had been wrecked off the Massachusetts coast, near Gloucester. The thought of the wreck kept the poet from sleeping, and at midnight he rose from his bed and began to write. The poem was finished in less than two hours.

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!”
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable’s length.

“Come hither! Come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman’s coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

“O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?”
“‘Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!” —
And he steered for the open sea.

“O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?”

“Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!”

“O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?”

But the father answered never a word;
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That savèd she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman’s Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

IN this poem, Mr. Longfellow described a real blacksmith named Dexter Pratt. Every one in Cambridge knew him and the big horse-chestnut tree that stood in front of his shop on Brattle Street. This tree was cut down at the time the street was widened. About seven hundred school children of Cambridge raised enough money, with the help of a few friends, to have the wood made into a chair. The chair was designed by the poet's nephew and was presented to Mr. Longfellow on his seventy-second birthday. To thank the children, he wrote the poem "From my Arm-Chair."

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

From a Painting by W. L. Taylor

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Week in, week out, from morn till night,
 You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
 With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
 When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
 Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge
 And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
 Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church
 And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach;
 He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
 And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
 Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
 How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
 A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

LET ME DO IT NOW

I EXPECT to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now; for I shall not pass this way again.

A MILE OF DUTCH NEW YORK

EDWARD was visiting his uncle in New York. It was the first time he had ever been in the big city.

“Suppose we cover a mile of old Dutch New York,” said his uncle one morning. “If we keep our eyes wide open, we may find much in the next hour that will tell us many stories of the time when New York was New Amsterdam and was governed by rulers sent over from Holland.”

Edward thought it would be fun to skip back a few hundred years into Dutch New York. Before long he and his uncle were on the Bowery near Rivington Street.

“Here is a good starting place,” said Uncle Will. As he spoke, he tapped with his cane a chipped, worn, old block of stone that stood upright near the curbing. “This is probably newer than Dutch days,” he added, “but it’s old enough for us to stop and look it over.”

“I should say it *was* old,” answered Edward. “It doesn’t look as if it ever could have been new. Why do they let such an ugly thing block up the sidewalk?”

“Perhaps so that we shall remember that it was once very useful. It is an old milestone. All along the main roads leading out of the city were these markers that told travelers from time to time how far they had gone on their journey.”

Edward studied the old stone carefully. By looking closely, he could make out "1 mile to City Hall."

As he and his uncle continued their walk north, Edward looked from one side of the street to the other, eager to find something that would remind him of New Amsterdam.

"I don't see anything that looks like Dutch New York," he said at last in a disappointed tone.

Uncle Will smiled. "Why," said he, "there's something Dutch right above our heads." He was looking up at a sign-post.

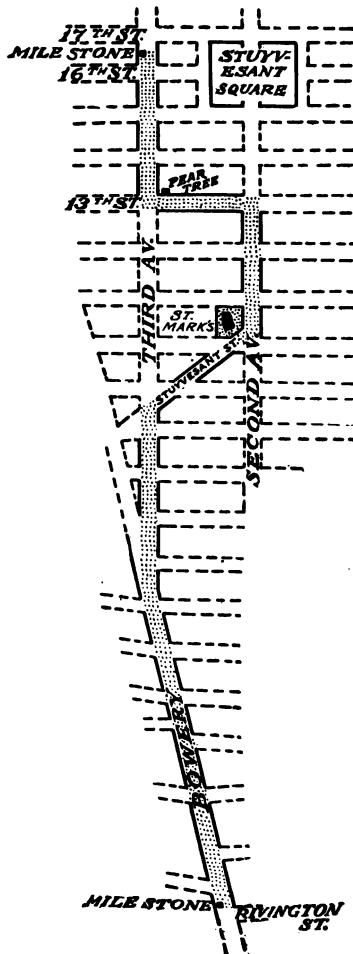
"That only spells 'Bowery,'" was Edward's answer.

"Exactly. But even single words sometimes have whole stories wrapped up in them. So it is with *Bowery*, which used to be spelled B-o-u-w-e-r-i-e. It was the Dutch word for *farm*. This noisy street was Bouwerie Lane, a beautiful green country road, and instead of these busy stores there were low, comfortable Dutch farmhouses. Does it seem possible? Just think how surprised the early settlers would be to-day if they could see these elevated trains shooting through the air! Wouldn't they think the world had turned topsy-turvy since their day?"

"I should say so!" exclaimed Edward.

"If you had been walking along the Bouwerie, as you are now," went on Uncle Will, "you might have heard the thump, thump, thump of stern old Peter Stuyvesant's wooden leg behind you."

"Who was Peter Stuyvesant, Uncle Will?" asked Edward.



"The last Dutch governor of New Amsterdam. He was often called Peter the Headstrong, and Peter the Stiff-Necked. The Indians named him Wooden Leg. In one way he was a good friend of theirs, for he made strict laws forbidding the settlers to sell them liquor. Governor Stuyvesant's neighbors thought him obstinate, always ready for a quarrel, and never willing to take advice. But I like old Peter. It seems to me he followed two pretty good mottoes."

"And what were they?"

"'Think for yourself' and 'Do your own work.'"

By this time, Edward and his uncle had swung into Third Avenue and were at Astor Place.

"Why, there's Governor Stuyvesant's name on the corner," Edward suddenly called out.

"You are right," was Uncle Will's reply. "I thought I would see if you could discover it for yourself. We will turn through Stuyvesant Street. Like the Bowery, it was once a green lane. Do you know why I like the old street?"

Edward could not guess. It did not look very attractive to him.

"Because it makes me think of Peter Stuyvesant himself. It is just as contrary as he used to be. Instead of running side by side with the numbered streets, it goes its own way, just as the old Dutch ruler did."

Second Avenue was soon reached. There at the corner was a fine old church with a tall spire.

"That is St. Mark's," explained Uncle Will. "It stands on the very spot where Peter Stuyvesant built a little Dutch church nearly two hundred fifty years ago. His house was close by, and his farm or bouwerie covered what are now many city blocks."

"May we go into the churchyard?" asked Edward.

"Yes, indeed," said his uncle, "there are some things I'd like to have you see there."

They went through the gate and around the side of the old church, and then stopped in front of one of the stained-glass windows. Underneath was an

old weather-beaten stone with vines growing around it. Edward stooped and slowly spelled out:

IN THIS VAULT LIES BURIED
PETRUS STUYVESANT
LATE CAPTAIN GENERAL AND GOVERNOR IN CHIEF OF
AMSTERDAM
IN NEW-NETHERLAND NOW CALLED NEW-YORK,
AND THE DUTCH WEST INDIA ISLANDS. DIED Feb^y. A.D. 1672
AGED 80 YEARS

"And is this Peter Stuyvesant himself?" asked Edward, turning to look at a bust that stood near by.

"It looks very new."

"It is new," said his uncle. "You see it sometimes happens that we do not appreciate our great men till they have been dead a long time. This bust was unveiled on St. Nicholas Eve, December 5th, 1915. It was presented by the Dutch minister in behalf of the Dutch government. Peter Stuyvesant is a great man whom we share with Holland. How do you like the bust?"

"I like it," said Edward, "and I like him."

His uncle smiled. "So do I," he said.

They turned back to Second Avenue, and saw ahead of them a bit of green that looked like a park.

"It, too," said Uncle Will, "bears the name of our old Dutch friend — Stuyvesant Park."

After turning through Thirteenth Street and back to Third Avenue, Edward discovered another reminder of Dutch times. It was a tablet on a corner building which read:

ON THIS CORNER GREW
PETRUS STUYVESANT'S PEAR TREE.
RECALLED TO HOLLAND IN 1664,
ON HIS RETURN
HE BROUGHT THE PEAR TREE
AND PLANTED IT
AS HIS MEMORIAL,
"BY WHICH", SAID HE, "MY NAME
MAY BE REMEMBERED."
THE PEAR TREE FLOURISHED
AND BORE FRUIT FOR OVER
TWO HUNDRED YEARS.

This tablet is placed here by
THE HOLLAND SOCIETY
of New York
September 1890

"A pear tree growing here!" exclaimed Edward. "It looks as if it were the last place in the world for one."

"There isn't much left of Peter's bouwerie, it is true," said his uncle, "and that is all the more reason

why the places that have anything to do with the old days should be marked. We shall soon pass another milestone, Edward, and then our morning walk will be over."

For some minutes, Edward tried to keep his eyes on both sidewalks, so eager was he to find a companion stone to the one on the Bowery. At last he spied it, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets, on the west side of the Avenue. It was marked: "Two Miles, City Hall, New York."

"Now before we finish our Dutch stroll," said Uncle Will, "we ought to give a thought to the Dutch flag that used to float over New Amsterdam. The city flag is something like it. This flag was adopted June 24, 1915, just two hundred fifty years after the city came under English rule. At that time there were exercises at City Hall, with speeches and singing by the school children. The new flag has the same colors as the old one and in other ways is quite Dutch."

That evening Edward's uncle showed him the new city flag. It was made of three vertical stripes — first blue, nearest the flag-staff, white next to it, and then orange. On the white field was the seal of New York. Edward looked sharply to see how much of it was Dutch.

"Oh, I know," he said at last, "the crossed arms of a windmill!"

"Right!" replied Uncle Will. "What else?"

"The two beavers?" asked Edward.

"Exactly. Don't you see what a good idea that is? The trade of New Amsterdam was largely the selling of beaver and other skins. The city flag is really like a page of history. Every boy and girl who reads it carefully knows something about the Dutch beginnings of the city."



PETER COOPER

THERE lived in New York, over a hundred years ago, one of the busiest families in the world. If you had peeped into their home, you would have said, "What busy bees! No idle drones in this hive!" Mother, father, and every one of the boys and girls were doing something.

How about the little one whose head just came to the top of the table? Yes, he was helping, too. In his tiny hands were some rabbit-skins, and his work was to pull the hair from them. He was not doing it for fun, but because his father needed to use the hair in making fur hats.

From the very start, little Peter Cooper was his father's helper. Father Cooper had all he could do, you may be sure, to earn food for himself and wife and to fill nine mouths besides. But as he looked at his small son, he often thought, "Well, Peter is growing up. Some day he will do something worth while." The mother thought so too, and Peter came to believe it himself.

Even when very young, he was one of those boys who are always trying to find out how things are made. He liked to take things apart to see what was inside, and to put them together again. That was not all. He tried new things, too. Before he was seven-

teen years old, he made shoes that his brothers and sisters could wear. If a boy to-day should do this, people would think it very wonderful. Yet that is exactly what Peter Cooper did. His father must have been pleased, for it took a great many pairs of shoes to go around in the Cooper family!

Peter did another thing that made his mother happy also, at least on wash days. He noticed what big washings she had, and it set him to thinking. "Suppose," he said to himself, "I make a washing-machine that will do all that heavy work for her."

So he thought and thought and planned and planned. At last the new machine was finished. It worked, too! It washed the dirt out of the soiled clothes in quite a wonderful way, and the mother's poor hands were thus saved many a hard scrub.

Peter went to school only one year during his whole life. There was no splendid big schoolhouse just around the corner, not even a free library where he could step in and take out a book. Now Peter was not the least bit glad that he did not have to go to school. He always felt that he had missed a great deal.

After a time, he began earning a little money — about two dollars a month. Out of this small amount, he paid a teacher for evening lessons. He meant to find out what was inside of books, as well as inside of other things.

"If ever I have a chance to help other struggling boys like myself," he said, "I mean to do it."

We shall see how he kept his promise.

He was first a carriage-maker, then a worker in a machine-shop, and after that a grocer and glue manufacturer. He tried his hand at many things and made a success of all.

When other people hired him, he did more work than he was paid for. When he went into business for himself, he put his whole heart and soul into his work. He was the very first one at his factory in the morning. He even had the fires started before his workmen arrived. He did his own selling and kept his own books.

Before long the dollars began to pile up. They were good, honest dollars, too. Not one cent meant that Peter Cooper had taken what did not belong to him.

All the time that he was working hard himself, he had not forgotten the poor working boys of New York. Though he had plenty of money, he remembered that they had little.

"And if they have no chance to *learn* more," he said, "they cannot *earn* more. So I am going to give them a chance to study evenings."

This is how Cooper Union came to be started. You can still see the old brown building in New York, where Third Avenue and Fourth Avenue come together. It took five years to carry out Peter Cooper's idea, but at last the iron beams and blocks of stone were in



place. Classrooms were opened for working boys, and there, with the help of good teachers, they could study the subjects that interested them. They had also a reading room, a library, and a lecture hall.

For over half a century, the good work of Cooper Union has been going on. All over the world are artists, engineers, chemists, teachers, and stenographers who are still grateful for what they learned there. To-day Cooper Union is doing even more for the young

people of New York than in Peter Cooper's days. These boys and girls are just as eager to use the help given them as the first pupils were.

In front of the Union is a statue of the generous man who built it. It seems as if he still wanted to watch over the brown building that was his pride when he was alive. The statue was made by a famous sculptor, St. Gaudens, who was himself a pupil at Cooper Union.

Peter Cooper was not only a good friend to poor boys; he was a good citizen as well. He grew up with New York and helped to make it what it is to-day. One of the big things he did was to work with others for a public school system. You see he always kept in mind how much an education meant. Every boy and girl who attends the New York schools to-day owes something to Peter Cooper.

There was something else that needed attention in the city — its water supply. New York families had been getting their water from wells and springs, but Peter Cooper saw that, as the city was growing rapidly, the time would come when there would not be enough water to go around. With the aid of other citizens, he carried out the wonderful plan of bringing water underground from a great reservoir many miles above the city. After that, people had no need to worry when their springs ran dry.

A third fine thing for the city was brought about

because Peter Cooper worked for it. He felt that the homes of New York were not well protected against fire. In fact, there was no such thing as a real fire department. People kept big buckets in their houses, and whenever a fire started, the men filled their buckets with water and rushed to put out the flames. Do you wonder that Peter Cooper thought that something bigger was needed than the "bucket brigades"? Before long, fire stations began to appear here and there, and the fire department was started.

Peter Cooper lived to the good old age of ninety-five, almost a century. Everybody who knew the kind, gray-haired old gentleman loved him. Somebody said of him, "He is like sunshine on a dark day, lighting up thousands of faces. Those who meet him look as if they thought, 'It cannot be so bad a world, after all, since Peter Cooper lives in it.'"

A LITTLE HELP

"Ah, thank 'ee, neighbor," said a perspiring sheep-driver, the other day, to one who hooted away his flock from going down the wrong road. — "Thank 'ee — a little help is worth a deal of pity."

EDWARD FITZGERALD



SCHOOL IN BRITTANY
From the Painting by Geoffroy.

SCHOOL IN BRITTANY

A Painting by Geoffroy

SEE the children of Brittany in school! All the little girls wear quaint white caps, and the teacher wears one, too. How kind she looks, as she patiently explains the lesson to the smallest girl in the class.

Different countries have different customs, both in dress and in manners. These snowy caps are no more strange to these children than hats are to us. What else do you see about the children that looks strange?

Do you see their white plaited collars and their shoes made of wood? How much more neat and more comfortable our leather shoes are! But these people are used to wooden shoes and prefer them. If they have leather shoes at all, they keep them carefully to wear only on Sundays.

Notice how good these children seem to be and how serious their faces are. Each child appears to be putting his whole heart into the work, and they all look as if they liked it. They must be learning to read.

Brittany is now a part of France. Much of Brittany lies along the sea coast. The soil is not very rich, so it is hard for the people to make a living. Many of the men spend their time fishing. The seacoast is so rough and rocky that fishing is very dangerous work.

The fishing boats are small, and severe storms often dash them upon the rocks. Sometimes the fathers and big brothers who go out on a fishing trip never come home again. Because so many men have been drowned and because the people are poor, Brittany has been called a sad country. But it is also a beautiful country. Every summer many artists go to Brittany to paint pictures of the shore and of the people.

OUR SCHOOL GARDEN

218 HENRY STREET,
NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR MARY:

Do you remember that in the last letter I wrote you I wished I were at home? Spring was coming and I was tired of school and of the hard sidewalks and dirty streets. I wanted to live in a house again and see the green plants come up.

Here the people do not have houses with land around them. They live in three or four rooms in a big, high, brick building. At first I used to think that there were no trees or plants in America. Now I know better, for I have been to the park, my teacher has taken me to the country, and now I have a garden!

It is not all my own garden. It belongs to the school. A block from our school building there is an

open square, with benches, a children's playground, and some bare, hard ground. Our Principal got permission from the City Park Commissioner for us to make a garden there. We learned in our arithmetic lesson that it contained 7800 square yards.

As soon as the frost was out of the ground, the boys began to dig the garden-beds. They worked very hard, but they said they liked it. We girls wanted to dig, too, and every day we begged the teacher to let us. But she said the work was too hard for girls. Wasn't she queer! She didn't know that in Russia the women work in the fields.

At last, when all the ground was spaded, the girls were allowed to go to the garden with the boys. The teacher gave a little plot to each of us. It was very small, but we were lucky to get anything, for so few children can have a plot. We stood in long rows, watching the teacher give a planting lesson, and waiting for our seeds.

Even though the plots were small, we each planted five kinds of vegetable seeds. We planted each kind in a row by itself, except that we put five kernels of corn right in the middle of the plot.

In less than a week our plants began to come up, and it was great fun to watch them. Some of the children had never before seen anything growing. Big crowds of people gathered around the garden to watch us work. Some who were farmers in the old country

told us what to do. I think that they were tired of the city, too, and wished they were back home working on their farms.

We work in our plots two or three times a week. What we like most is to water them. The water comes in a pipe, not in a well, as it does at home. We stand in long lines, each with a watering pot, and wait our turn.

As soon as our can is filled, we hurry to our plot and water it. Each plot gets three cans of water, or enough to drench the ground. Sometimes the boy or girl who finishes first tries to water another plot and then there is a quarrel. Every one likes to water his own plot.

Sometimes other children from the street beg the teacher to let them come in, but she has to say "no" because the garden is too small.

Yesterday we harvested our radishes. They were big red ones and we each had an armful.

One of the girls near me thought all the vegetables were ripe, and began to pull up her corn and beans by the roots. I tried to tell her she was wrong, but she couldn't understand me. A woman outside the fence called to her, but she wouldn't stop till the teacher came up. Wasn't she foolish?

My mother had the radishes for supper. They were fresh and crisp, not like some of the vegetables we buy here.



I do not miss the country so much now that I have a garden. Mother and I are still homesick and I sometimes think Father is, although he has been here longer. He likes America because we are all having an education.

Think of me and write me news of your garden. This is a very long letter. I am sending some pictures of the garden that my teacher took.

Your loving friend,

RUTH

WHEN TADPOLE WAS PROMOTED

I WAS born last spring. The world in which I found myself was very watery. People called it a pond, I believe. Here, near the surface of the water and not far from shore, I passed the first days of my life.

I had ever so many brothers and sisters. You could easily have guessed that we all belonged to the same family, because we looked so much alike. As we lay quietly among the water plants, we seemed like little black beads that had been dropped into the pond.

One day I found that I was strong enough and big enough to move about. How happy I was to glide from place to place, to get acquainted with my neighbors, and to learn what wonderful things were hidden

away in my pond home! It was so much better than always staying in the same spot.

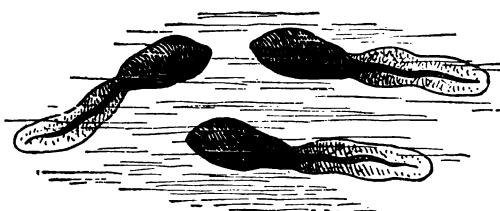
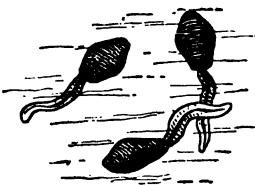


My body soon began to lengthen. Like most babies, I grew fast. They say I was not a bit pretty — only a wriggly, ugly-looking little mite.

How could I be anything else when most of me was tail?

It looked at first as if I might some day be a grown-up fish. But this was not to be. Instead, I was given the name of "tadpole" — a name as queer as my looks.

It was while I was a tadpole baby that I first learned that there was another world besides my watery pond. In this new world, people walked about on dry land. The day I found it out, I heard voices above me. I listened. Soon I discovered that the voices were those of a



little girl and boy who were on their way home from school.

"I was promoted to-day,

Johnny," I heard the little girl say. "I've left the baby class for good. Now I'm in the first grade. It will be real school and I shall have to study hard."

"Oh, that's nothing!" replied the boy proudly. "I left the kindergarten long ago."

"Never mind," said Nelly. "You had to begin in the kindergarten class the same as I did."



Kindergarten! It was a big word. I thought and thought about it for a long time when I was alone. Then I began to wonder if *my* kindergarten was not the pond. If so, then the dry land must be the first grade.



The more I thought about it, the more I felt that I must be promoted, like Nelly. From that day, I made up my tadpole mind that, if it were a possible thing, I would jump from kindergarten to first grade.

I tried so hard — a hundred times a day! Each time I tumbled back, discouraged. Do you know why? My tail was in the way! At length — you will hardly think it true — four legs began to grow. Stranger still, as my legs kept growing bigger, my tail kept getting smaller. At last I didn't have any tail at all.



Oh, but I was happy! No longer would anybody take me for a fish. The four legs had come to stay. If

they hadn't been given me to be used on dry land, what were they for?



It was not long before my promotion day came. It was a dark and rainy day. A heavy summer shower had made the land almost as wet as the pond. It was a good time, thought I, to begin my journeys afoot. With everything so wet, the shock

of changing to first grade would not be so great as if I had to jump to dry ground.

No sooner had I reached the land than I heard voices again. Yes, there were Nelly and Johnny. I was a bit afraid and tried to hide, but I was now so much larger than before that they found me out.

"Oh, see, Nelly, there's a toad," began Johnny.

"Toad!" thought I to myself. "Have they changed my name once more?"

"He must have come from the pond," said Nelly.

"No, you're wrong," was Johnny's answer. "He rained down from the sky. Toads always do when there are summer showers."

I laughed to myself. Boys in the second grade might know a great deal, but they didn't know everything.

"How ugly he is!" went on Johnny.

"Oh, but he has lovely eyes — just like jewels," said Nelly. "Now don't you hurt him, Johnny Jones."

"What shall we do with him?" asked Johnny.

Nelly picked me up gently and for a minute said nothing.

"I know," she said at last, "I'm going to take him home with me and put him in the garden. Just think how happy he will be living near my pansies and morning-glories."

All this interested me, but what Nelly said next interested me far more.

"And besides," she said, "he will eat up all the insects that spoil the flowers."

So I was taken to Nelly's garden. I was now promoted at last to first grade. There I have remained ever since. Nelly comes to see me every day. She says I am a very useful toad and that makes up for my being so homely.

Such an appetite as I have! To satisfy my hunger, I have a most obliging tongue that is fastened at the front of my mouth, instead of at the back. I can



thrust it out far enough to reach insects that could never be reached by a tongue at the back of the mouth. I never tire of feasting on worms and other creepy things that might spoil the flowers if I were not around.

“How dreadful to eat bugs!” said Nelly one day when I had just finished a nice lunch. “How can you do it? But then, even if you don’t like the kind of things to eat that I do, I like you just the same. My garden never looked better than it does this summer.”

So this is how I came to be promoted to the first grade. I am happy and contented. The garden is so much nicer than the pond that never once have I wanted to go back to the kindergarten class.

The world’s a very happy place,
Where every child should dance and sing,
And always have a smiling face,
And never sulk for anything.

The world is such a happy place,
That children, whether big or small,
Should always have a smiling face,
And never, never sulk at all.

GABRIEL SETOUN

THE MOCK TURTLE'S SCHOOL

This story is taken from a book called *Alice in Wonderland*, which tells of the wonderful adventures of a little girl named Alice.

One day Alice saw a rabbit running across the fields as if he were in a great hurry. He was talking to himself so hard that Alice was curious and ran after him. When the rabbit disappeared in a hole, Alice followed.

Down, down the hole she went, until finally she landed in Wonderland, a strange place inhabited by all kinds of queer creatures.

At the time this story begins, Alice is on the seashore of Wonderland talking to the Queen.

“HAVE you seen the Mock Turtle yet?” asked the Queen.

“No,” said Alice. “I don’t even know what a Mock Turtle is.”

“It’s the thing Mock Turtle Soup is made from,” said the Queen.

“I never saw one, or heard of one,” said Alice.

“Come on, then,” said the Queen, “and he shall tell you his history.”

They very soon came upon a Gryphon, lying fast asleep in the sun. (If you don’t know what a Gryphon is, look at the picture.)

“Up, lazy thing!” said the Queen, “and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear his history. I must go back and see after some executions I have ordered.”

She walked off, leaving Alice alone with the Gryphon.

Alice did not quite like the look of the creature, but on the whole she thought it would be quite as safe to stay with it as to go after that savage Queen. So she waited.

The Gryphon sat up and rubbed its eyes. Then it watched the Queen till she was out of sight. Then it chuckled. "What fun!" said the Gryphon, half to itself, half to Alice.

"What is the fun?" said Alice.

"Why, *she*," said the Gryphon. "It's all her fancy, that: they never executed nobody, you know. Come on!"

"Everybody says 'come on!' here," thought Alice, as she went slowly after it. "I never was so ordered about before in my life, never!"

They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock. As they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break. She pitied him deeply.

"What is his sorrow?" she asked the Gryphon.

And the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before. "It's all his fancy, that: he hasn't got no sorrow, you know. Come on!"

So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

"This here young lady," said the Gryphon, "she wants for to know your history, she do."



"I'll tell it her," said the Mock Turtle in a deep hollow tone. "Sit down, both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished."

So they sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Alice thought to herself, "I don't see how he can *ever* finish, if he doesn't begin." But she waited patiently.

"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle."

These words were followed by a very long silence.

Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, "Thank you, sir, for your interesting story," but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle — we used to call him Tortoise —"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily. "Really you are very dull!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth.

At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!" and he went on in these words —

"Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it —"

"I never said I didn't!" interrupted Alice.

"You did," said the Mock Turtle.

"Hold your tongue!" added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again. The Mock Turtle went on.

"We had the best of educations — in fact, we went to school every day —"

"*I've* been to a day school, too," said Alice. "You needn't be so proud as all that."

"With *extras*?" asked the Mock Turtle, a little anxiously.

"Yes," answered Alice, "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice indignantly.

"Ah! Then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle in a tone of great relief. "Now, at *ours*, they had, at the end of the bill, 'French, music, and washing — extra.'"

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice; "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied; "and then the different branches of Arithmetic — Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."

"I never heard of Uglification," Alice ventured to say. "What is it?"

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. "Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Alice doubtfully. "It means — to — make — anything — prettier."

"Well, then," the Gryphon went on, "if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton."

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it. So she turned to the Mock Turtle and said, "What else had you to learn?"

"Well, there was Mystery," the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers—"Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography. Then Drawling—the Drawling-master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week. He taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils."

"What was *that* like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it you, myself," the Mock Turtle said, "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it."

"Hadn't time," said the Gryphon. "I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was."

"I never went to him," the Mock Turtle said with a sigh. "He taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say."

"So he did, so he did," said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn; and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle, "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked: "because they lessen from day to day."

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark. "Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?"

"Of course it was," said the Mock Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on eagerly.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone. "Tell her something about the games now."

LEWIS CARROLL

The author of *Alice in Wonderland* is Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, an English writer, better known as "Lewis Carroll."

Until Charles was eleven years old, the Dodgson family lived in the country, so far from a village that even the passing of a wagon was an interesting event. The home itself was far from quiet, for there were eleven girls and boys in the Dodgson family.

Charles was a bright, happy boy who invented many interesting games for his brothers and sisters. He made pets of snails, toads, and other animals that few boys think of as playmates. He seems to have lived much in the "Wonderland" which he later described for other children.

When Mr. Dodgson grew up, he became noted as a scientist, but he never lost his love for children. He invented puzzles, games, and stories for them, as he had done for his own brothers and sisters.

One summer afternoon in 1862, Mr. Dodgson took three little girls sailing. He entertained them with a strange story about the adventures of a little girl named Alice. The children were so much pleased with the story that Mr. Dodgson's friends persuaded him to write it in a book. It was published with the title of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, under the name of Lewis Carroll.

This work has become one of the most famous stories for children. It has been translated into French, German, Italian, and other languages.

It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong. It is not what we read, but what we understand, that makes us wise. It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807-1892) was the son of a farmer who lived near Haverhill, Massachusetts.

He did not have a chance to go to school, as almost every boy and girl in America now has. The district school near him was open for only a few weeks in the winter. The following boyish lines of his show how anxious he was to learn:

“And must I always swing the flail,
And help to fill the milking pail?
I wish to go away to school;
I do not wish to be a fool.”

He did indeed obtain an education, for he earned money to pay for it by making shoes, by book-keeping, and by teaching.

Whittier wrote about the familiar persons and places of his own New England. His verses are beautiful and easy to understand.

“The Barefoot Boy” was written in memory of his own boyhood, “for I was once a barefoot boy myself,” he said.

Whittier did not have to go far to enjoy the country life he tells about in this poem. His father’s big farmhouse was out of sight of any other home, and his nearest neighbors were the birds, bees, wild flowers, frogs, and squirrels. From the door-stone where he sat with his bowl of bread and milk, he could hear the brook that “laughed for his delight through the day and through the night.” Do you wonder that he thought “the barefoot boy” had a happy time of it?

THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still,
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a bareboot boy!
Prince thou art, — the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye:
Outward sunshine, inward joy,—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,

Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,—
Mason of his walls of clay,—
And the architectural plans
Of gray-hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;

For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a bareboot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;

And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



A BOY'S LETTER

*Written by a Boy in the Fifth Grade to a Child Living
in the Bronx*

254 EAST BROADWAY,
NEW YORK CITY,
May 15, 1915.

DEAR ELIZABETH:

We have been celebrating Arbor Day. We acted and recited in the Assembly and I took part in a short poem. I was the hickory tree.

We have two bridges not far from us. The Williamsburg Bridge was opened in 1903 and the Manhattan Bridge in 1913. I often take a walk on these

bridges to Brooklyn. From them you can see the Navy Yard and the Statue of Liberty. You can see the ships passing under you, and they look almost like small rowboats. These bridges are much larger than any of the bridges around your home.

They are building a subway near us at Canal Street and the Bowery. The ground is being dug for it now. It may be finished in 1916.

I belong to the Athletic League. We had our practice for Field Day at the park. I chinned four times, jumped five feet nine inches in the standing broad jump, and ran a sixty-yard dash in ten seconds.

Your friend,

LOUIS GOLD

A DAY IN BRONX PARK

*A Letter Written by a Boy in the Fifth Grade to a
Child in an East Side School, New York*

570 EAST 141st STREET,
NEW YORK CITY,

May 27, 1915.

DEAR BENJAMIN:

On Wednesday, May 20th, we went to Bronx Park. We took our lunches and bats, balls, and gloves. We arrived there a little after ten o'clock.

When we walked through the park, the first animal we saw was the camel. If you had taken only a quick glance at him, you would have thought he was without



legs, for he was lying down with his legs doubled up under him. The next animal we saw was the llama. His hair was very thin, because in summer all the animals lose some of their fur or hair. We saw some foxes next. Some of them were sleeping, and the others were walking around and growling because it was so hot. Not very far away we saw a large pond on which some ducks were swimming. Next we saw two

sea lions which had been caught in California. They were sleeping.

Afterwards we looked at the monkeys in the monkey house. There was a big orang-utan, named Ali. In the cage next to him sat a chimpanzee named Baldy II. He stared at us and then took a jump. Across the way from him was a little monkey. Some of the girls asked him to shake hands, but he only moved his mouth. I suppose he was trying to say "no." After a while he put his little paw out to shake hands, but he could not reach so far.

Next we walked to the elephant house. The first elephant we saw was an Indian elephant. He was only twenty years old and weighed nine thousand pounds. Near him, a few cages away, two baby hippopotamuses were swimming. We also went to see the bears, and the birds in the bird house.

Then we had a drink of water and went over by the Bronx River to eat our lunch. After lunch we played ball with the girls and bean-bag with the teacher, and then we started for home.

We had a good time and I think it was very kind of our teacher to take us, don't you?

Your friend,

JAMES ROSALTY

A PICNIC IN THE PARK

*A Letter from a Little New York Girl to her Cousin in
the West*

540 WEST 136th STREET,
NEW YORK CITY,
MAY 27, 1916.

DEAR COUSIN HELEN:

Thank you for the postal card you sent me for my birthday.

It was the nicest birthday I ever had, and I am going to tell you about it. Mother took us for a picnic in Central Park. We went in the morning and stayed all day, and even then we did not have time to do all the things we wanted to.

Central Park is very large — 153 city blocks — and it is worth a very great sum of money. Rich people live all around it, but no one in the whole city of New York has money enough to buy one little bit of it. Mother says that it belongs to all the people for all the time.

We went into the Park at Fifty-ninth Street, and as we walked along, Mother told us about the things around us. She says there are more than a million trees and shrubs in the park. Some of them have been presents, sent all the way from foreign countries.

We passed many statues, too. Mother told us about what each man had done, so that we could understand why his statue had been placed in the Park.



We stopped at one of the lakes to watch the swans. The first swans in the Park were a present from the city of Hamburg, in Germany, and others were sent later from London. We went to the menagerie to look at the animals. I should have liked to stay there all day watching them, especially the monkeys, but then it was time for lunch.

We found a cool, shady place under the trees and opened our boxes. Mother had invited four of my friends to the picnic, and each one had brought some-

thing good to eat. It was so much fun to open the packages and see what the surprises were! There were sandwiches and little cakes, and hard boiled eggs, and apples, and ever so many other things.

When we had finished, Mother explained to us that since the Park belongs to all the people, all the people must help take care of it. So we were very careful to pick up every scrap of paper and put it in the trash cans.

After lunch we all sat on the grass while Mother told us the story of the Obelisk. You know the Obelisk is the oldest thing in the Park and probably the oldest thing in the United States. It is a tall shaft of red granite, nearly three thousand five hundred years old. People usually call it Cleopatra's Needle.

Although it is big and heavy, it has traveled a great deal. It was first set up in an ancient city of Egypt and later moved to another famous Egyptian city, called Al-ex-an'-dri-a. It remained there nearly two thousand years, and was then sent to America as a present.

After the story, Mother gave each of us five cents to spend just as we liked. And can you guess what we all wanted to do? Buy peanuts to feed the squirrels. There are hundreds of squirrels in the Park, and they are so tame that they come up and take the nuts right out of your hand. They are very cunning when they sit up on their hind legs and hold the nuts in their fore paws.

The squirrels in the Park do not have to store up nuts for the winter as the country squirrels do, because they are fed by people all the time. When the cold



THE LONE WOLF
From the Painting by Kowalski

weather comes, they would have a hard time of it if the children should ever get tired of feeding them.

Mother says that when you come to visit us, we will have another picnic in the Park. There are still many places to visit there and many things we have never seen.

Your loving cousin,

MARY

THE LONE WOLF

A Painting by Kowalski

WHAT a lonely picture this is! How lonely the little houses look in the silence of the winter night! Even the wolf himself is lonely, for wolves do not hunt alone, like lions or tigers, but always keep together in packs. Perhaps this wolf is lost, and is looking out over the valley in the hope of seeing his mates.

Everything about this picture makes one think of the cold. In the fresh fallen snow, the wolf's tracks may be seen. The moonlight is bright and casts deep shadows, and a few stars twinkle in the dark frosty, sky.

The artist who painted this picture was born in Warsaw in Russia, a city surrounded by great plains covered with snow for many months in the year. Although he went to Germany to study, most of his paintings are of scenes in Russia and of events in Russian history.

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD

YEARS ago American newspapers and magazines often printed simple, charming poems signed "Hannah Flagg Gould." These verses became popular memory gems in many homes. Miss Gould was born in 1789. She was a Massachusetts woman and the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier. It was so easy for her to put her thoughts into verse, that before her death three volumes of her poems had been published. Many of them were written for children.

"Jack Frost" is one of Miss Gould's many nature poems. She also wrote about the rainbow, the snow-flake, the brook, a summer shower, wild flowers, and bees. No outdoor forms of life were too simple or too tiny for her to notice. She makes things of nature think and speak as if they were real persons.

JACK FROST

JACK FROST looked forth on a still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now, I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.

I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
That makes such a bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest,
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast
 Of the quivering lake, he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The glittering point of many a spear,
Which he hung on its margin, far and near
 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the window of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
 By the morning light were seen
Most beautiful things! — there were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities and temples, and towers; and these
 All pictured in silvery sheen!

But he did one thing that was hardly fair;
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
 “Now, just to set them a-thinking,
I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
“This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three!
And the glass of water they’ve left for me,
 Shall ‘tchick’ to tell them I’m drinking.”

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD



EUGENE FIELD

EUGENE FIELD was born in St. Louis, Missouri, and lived all his life in the West. He was a reporter on several Western newspapers, and most of his poems were published in these papers.

Eugene Field was often called the children's poet. He believed in happiness and sunshine and laughter. He loved to amuse his little friends and write verses about them. He even played with their toys. With

his own children, he was more like a big brother than a father.

Great men sometimes forget that they were ever boys. Eugene Field never forgot. In "The Night Wind" he shows plainly that he remembers his own boyhood very well. In fact, he never quite grew up. All his life he was fond of fairies, witches, and ghosts, and even said he believed in them. After his death in 1895, his sunny face was missed by many friends far and wide.

THE NIGHT WIND

HAVE you ever heard the wind go "Yoooo?"

'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!

It seems to chill you through and through

With a strange and speechless fear.

'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside

When folks should be asleep,

And many and many's the time I've cried

To the darkness brooding far and wide

Over the land and the deep:

"Whom do you want, O lonely night,

That you wail the long hours through?"

And the night would say in its ghostly way:

"Yooooooo!

Yooooooo!

Yooooooo!"

My mother told me long ago
(When I was a little tad)
That when the night went wailing so
 Somebody had been bad;
And then, when I was snug in bed,
 Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head,
I'd think of what my mother'd said,
 And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad to-day?" I'd ask
 Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:

 "Yooooooooo!
 Yooooooooo!
 Yooooooooo!"

That this was true I must allow —
 You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
 I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
 Suppose you make the test;
Suppose when you've been bad some day
 And up to bed are sent away
 From mother and the rest —
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"

And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone:

“Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!
Yooooooooo!”

EUGENE FIELD

MICKEY, THE GENTLEMAN

A True Story

WHEN Mickey came to live at the home of Grace FitzGerald, he was little, brown of body, fat, and happy. His big soft eyes twinkled when his new mistress took him in her arms. He looked up at her with his big brown eyes, then sighed softly and cuddled down to sleep, for he knew he had found some one to love him.

He did not like the looks of his first meal, which was a puppy biscuit. So he took it in his mouth, waddled over to the corner of the kitchen, and began to dig what he thought was to be a very good hole to bury it in. He dug and dug, and after shoving the biscuit with his little snub nose, trotted back and sat down in the middle of the floor. There he waited to see what was going to happen next.

Grace took the biscuit and handed it to him once more. He looked at it a moment or two with a discouraged air. Then he took it and hurried over to the radiator and dug what he considered a much deeper

and better hole; once more he buried the biscuit. His mistress laughed so hard that Mickey decided that there was some joke on him. When the biscuit was handed to him a third time, he calmly ate up every scrap and crumb. This was his first indication of being a gentleman.

When Grace first saw him, she was afraid he would not be as bow-legged as an English bull-dog should be. So she put a collar with a short chain on him and tied him to a tree. She thought he would pull against the chain and so help his legs to grow the right way.

But did Mickey think so, too? No, no! He thought his legs were perfectly good as they were, and he was not going to pull on a chain; it was much nicer to lie down and sleep. He was right about it, too, for his legs, as may be seen from the picture, are as bowed as any English bull-dog's legs should be.

Mickey has now grown into a big dog, weighing nearly fifty pounds. He still likes to be petted as much as he did when he was a puppy, and he still has the same good manners he showed when he ate his first puppy biscuit.

He is fond of sleeping at twilight in the hall at the top of the stairs, where he looks very black against the dark rug. Sometimes Grace stumbles over him there. Mickey always puts back his ears and looks very much hurt until she says to him, "Excuse me, Mickey, I did not see you." Then he forgives her,



and wiggles and twists himself in amusement at the joke he has played.

Every evening before he goes to bed, he climbs into his mistress's lap to be petted. When she says to him, "Roll over," he wriggles around till he gets on his back with all his legs sticking straight up in the air. Then he promptly goes to sleep and snores as hard as he can. After a few minutes Grace says, "Wake up, Mickey. It's bedtime. Good night." Then Mickey trots off to bed, happy and contented.

When guests come to the house, Mickey is always most cordial in his welcome, so cordial that sometimes Grace has to say to him, "Run up to the library, Mickey, like a good boy." He always obeys, though sometimes he looks back with eyes that plead to be allowed to stay longer.

Sometimes Mickey is allowed to stay and help amuse the company. "Come and sing for the ladies," says Grace, and Mickey walks proudly to the piano, where he waits for some one to play for him. As soon

as the music begins, he throws back his head and sings loud and long, the very best dog singing that he knows how to do. When the piano stops, he looks at his mistress and waits till she says, "Very good, Mickey. That was fine." Then he is happy, knowing that he has pleased the person whom he loves best.

So his life has run on for twelve years, each day filled with the pleasure of doing his best, while his mistress herself has learned many things from Mickey, the Gentleman.

THE MEETING OF BOB AND NIMROD

Bob, the Puppy, tells what he thinks about it:

I didn't intend to be naughty, but you see I'm only a puppy, and I didn't know what it was, so I chased it to find out. Yes, thank you, I found out. I'm afraid my nose will be scarred, because the bunch of black and white fur turned right around and spit at me and then scratched me dreadfully. I wasn't going to hurt it, but it didn't wait for me to explain. Yes! But I never saw a cat before. How was I to know it was so scratchy? It looked soft. Well, I don't care. I don't think it was very polite. I'm a visitor and he ought to be nice to me. I wouldn't spit at a little puppy dog, especially one that didn't have any teeth. Well, maybe he doesn't know any better, but I wish some one would teach him some polite manners before I see him again.



Nimrod, the Cat, tells his side of the story:

Well, what made him chase me, then? I was walking down by the catnip bed and he chased after me and grabbed hold of my tail! No, he didn't hurt me, but I was so surprised! Why, of course I scratched him! That is what my claws are for. Dear me! There he comes again. Don't let him see me. Well, perhaps he hasn't any teeth now, but he will have some day and I don't want him to get in the habit of teasing me. I don't see what dogs are good for, anyway. I have lost nearly seven of my lives already, just through worry over that big dog next door. No, he never bit me, because I haven't let him get near enough. Well, I do hope somebody will teach that pup polite manners before he gets all of his teeth.

Major, the big Dog, looks on and tells what he thinks:

There! I knew that pup would get scratched. Nimrod gets more touchy every day. How did I know he would get scratched? Well, I was a puppy once myself, and Nimrod had quite a bit of practice on me. I wouldn't know what to do without that cat. He used to get on my nerves, but now we have great fun. *I* do, anyway. Yes, sometimes he spits at me, but I just stand and laugh at him. You ought to see him! He gets so mad! Why not? Of course I wouldn't hurt him, but what are cats good for if you can't chase them sometimes? Well, good-by. I think I'll go over and teach that pup a few tricks in dodging. They may come handy if he should happen to meet Nimrod in a narrow path some day.

DOG HEROES

THE people shouted, a fire gong clanged, and a big shining fire engine swung around the corner and dashed down the street. High up on the seat beside the driver was a dog — just a common spotted dog. Around his neck, hanging from his collar, was a large bronze medal; and as he passed, the children pointed to him and called to him by name, "Bum! Bum!"

This dog, sitting so still and straight in his place as the fire engine bumped over the rough cobbles, was Bum, the famous dog hero of the New York Fire

Department, who once saved the lives of two little children.

It happened one day when there was a fire in a house where many people lived. The firemen had already carried several people out of the burning building, and thought that no one was left there. Suddenly they heard sharp barks coming from a window on the second floor and recognized the voice of Bum. They called to him to come down, but Bum only barked more loudly.

One of the firemen, thinking that the dog was afraid to come alone, ran into the burning building, up the stairs, and into the room where he was. He picked Bum up and started out, but the dog struggled and barked so hard that the fireman had to put him down.

Then he realized that something was wrong and began to look around him. There on a bed in the corner, almost smothered from smoke, he found two little children. Quickly he picked them up in his arms and made his way to the street, with Bum following, barking and frisking with joy.

It was for this bravery and sense that the New York Animal League gave Bum a fine new collar and medal of honor for life saving.

Bum is not the only dog that wears on his neck this mark of a hero. Not long ago fire broke out in a big

New York apartment house. On the first floor lived a doctor. It was early in the morning and the doctor had been out all night taking care of sick people. He was very tired and was sleeping so soundly that neither the smell of smoke nor the shouts of people in the street awakened him.

Jim, the doctor's Great Dane dog, knew that something was wrong and that his master ought to be up. So loudly did he bark that the people in the



TEDDY



BUM

street heard him and thought that he was being burned. But the doctor was so tired that he heard nothing. Of course no one knows just what Jim did to waken his master. Certainly he tried every means he knew, for on the blankets were the marks of his paws where he had leaped on the bed, and on the sheets were the marks of his teeth where he had seized and shaken them. Even this failed.

Great Danes, however, are large, strong dogs, so there was still one thing left that he could do. Taking

his master's arm in his mouth, carefully in order not to hurt him, he pulled at it until he had dragged the sleeping man half off the bed and had thoroughly wakened him.

The doctor told his friends about the heroism of his dog, and a few days later Jim received the collar and medal of honor of the League.

Another dog who has received this honor is Teddy, who belongs to the janitor of a big apartment house and is the friend and playmate of all the children in the crowded street where he lives. One day Teddy was with the children down by the river. They were playing ball, and Teddy was having as good a time as the boys, barking and running around, chasing the ball and bringing it back in his mouth.

Suddenly there was a splash and a shout. Two of the children, running backwards, had gone too far and fallen into the water. The other boys were not able to help them, and there was no one else near to do anything. Teddy barked wildly for a moment, then jumped into the water, seized one of the boys by the arm, and swam with him to the shore. He then went back to find the other boy. He swam out again, caught the second boy, and brought him to safety, too.

But even yet his work was not done. Dripping wet as he was, he ran until he found some men. From

his actions and from his barking they understood that he was in trouble. They followed him back to where the half-drowned children were lying. For this brave deed Teddy received the medal due a dog hero.

GERTRUDE HILL SPRINGER

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was an English poet who lived from 1772 to 1834. His greatest poem is "The Ancient Mariner," which he wrote after a friend had told him about a strange dream.

The poem tells the story of an old gray-bearded sailor, called "the Ancient Mariner," whose ship was driven by a storm towards the South Pole. In the midst of the storm a bird of good luck came out of the fog. It began to follow the ship, and then there was good weather and fair winds. The ship started on its return voyage north.

But one day the Ancient Mariner shot the bird. Then came a dead calm. The crew blamed the Ancient Mariner for the calm because he had killed the bird. To punish him, they tied the lifeless bird around his neck:

One by one the sailors died of thirst and only the Ancient Mariner was left. His mind was filled with wicked thoughts as he watched the creatures in the sea about him who still lived.

It was only when he thought kindly of the water-snakes, gliding about in the moonlight, that any good came to the Ancient Mariner. Then the dead bird fell from his neck into the sea. The rain fell and soon afterward a strong wind carried the ship with terrible speed back to the Ancient Mariner's home.

All this time, he felt sorry for having put an end to the life of the bird. Part of his punishment for the cruel deed was to travel from land to land and tell his story to persons whom he met. He tried to make them understand what he had learned about being good to all of God's creatures. "He Prayeth Best" is this lesson.

HE PRAYETH BEST

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

THE MATSUYAMA MIRROR

A long, long time ago there lived, in a quiet spot, a young man and his wife. They had one child, a little daughter, whom they both loved with all their hearts. I cannot tell you their names, for they have been long since forgotten, but the name of the place where they lived was Mat-su-ya'-ma in the province of Ech'-i-go in Japan.

It happened once, while the little girl was still a baby, that the father was obliged to go to the great city, the capital of Japan, upon some business. It was too far for the mother and her little baby to go, so he set out alone, after bidding them good-by and promising to bring them home some pretty present.

The mother had never gone farther from home than the next village, and she could not help being a little frightened at the thought that her husband was taking such a long journey. Yet she was proud, too, for he was the first man in all that country-side who had been to the big town where the king lived and where there were so many beautiful things to be seen.

At last the time came when she might expect her husband to return, so she put on a pretty blue dress which she knew her husband liked, and dressed the baby in its best clothes.

You may fancy how glad this good wife was to see

him come home safe and sound, and how the little girl clapped her hands and laughed with delight when she saw the pretty toys her father had brought for her. He had much to tell of all the wonderful things he had seen as he journeyed and in the town itself.

"I have brought you a very pretty thing," said he to his wife. "It is called a mirror. Look and



tell me what you see inside." He gave to her a plain white wooden box, in which she found a round piece of metal. One side was white like frosted silver and ornamented with raised figures of birds and flowers; the other side was bright and the clearest glass. Into it the young mother looked with delight and astonishment, for from its depths a smiling, happy face, with parted lips and bright eyes, was looking at her.

"What do you see?" again asked the husband, pleased at her astonishment and glad to show that he had learned something while he had been away.

"I see a pretty woman looking at me, and she moves her lips as if she were speaking, and — dear me, how odd! she has on a blue dress just like mine!"

"Why, you silly woman, it is your own face that you see," said the husband, proud of knowing something that his wife did not know. "That round piece of metal is called a mirror. In the town everybody has one, although we have not seen them in this country place before."

The wife was delighted with her present and for a few days could not look into the mirror often enough. You must remember that, as this was the first time that she had seen a mirror, of course it was the first time she had ever seen the reflection of her own pretty face. But she considered such a wonderful thing far too precious to use, and soon shut it up in its box. Then she put it away carefully among her treasures.

Years passed, and the husband and wife still lived happily. The joy of their life was their little daughter, who grew up the very image of her mother, and who was so dutiful and affectionate that everybody loved her. Remembering her own little vanity on finding herself so lovely, the mother kept the mirror carefully hidden away, fearing that the use of it might make her little girl proud.

She never spoke of it, and as for the father, he had forgotten all about it. So it happened that the daughter grew up as simple as the mother had been, and knew nothing of her own good looks or of the mirror which would have reflected them.

But by and by a great misfortune happened to this happy little family. The good, kind mother fell sick; and although the daughter waited upon her day and night with loving care, she grew worse and worse, until at last it was clear that she must die.

When she found that she must soon leave her husband and child, the poor woman felt very sorrowful, grieving for those she was going to leave behind and most of all for her little daughter.

So she called the girl to her and said, "My darling child, you know that I am very sick. Soon I must die and leave your dear father and you alone. When I am gone, promise me that you will look into this mirror every night and every morning. There you will see me, and know that I am still watching over you." With these words, she took the mirror from its hiding place and gave it to her daughter. The child promised with many tears, and the mother, seeming now calm and contented, died a short time afterward.

Now this obedient daughter never forgot her mother's last request, but each morning and evening took the mirror from its hiding place and looked in it

long and earnestly. There she saw the bright and smiling face of her lost mother — not pale and sickly as in her last days, but the beautiful young mother of long ago. To her at night she told the story of the trials of the day; to her in the morning she looked for encouragement in whatever might be in store for her.

So day by day she lived in her mother's sight, striving to please her as she had done in her lifetime, and careful always to avoid whatever might pain or grieve her.

Her greatest joy was to be able to look in the mirror and say, "Mother, I have been to-day what you would have me to be."

Her father saw that every night and morning, without fail, she looked into the mirror and seemed to talk with it. At length he asked her the reason of her strange behavior.

"Father," she said, "I look in the mirror every day to see my dear mother and to talk with her." Then she told him of her mother's dying wish, and how she had never failed to fulfill it.

Touched by such faithful, loving obedience, the father shed tears of pity and affection. Nor could he find it in his heart to tell the child that the image she saw in the mirror was but the reflection of her own sweet face which, through loving service, was becoming more and more like her mother's every day.

A JAPANESE FOLK STORY



BEING A LITTLE MOTHER

NITA ASOLI strapped her books together cheerfully, for it would soon be time to go to school. Nita was always cheerful because she was so happy here in this big new country. To be sure, she was still a little afraid of the noise and the hurrying crowds on the streets. But she always forgot about them when she sat in the big sunny schoolroom and listened to the teacher.

But this morning her mother said, "Nita, I am not well to-day. You must stay at home and take care of Lucia and Giovanni."

“But, Mother!” cried Nita in alarm, “if I stay at home, I shall lose my place in the class!”

Just then her father came into the kitchen.

“Do as your mother says, Nita.” He spoke firmly, and Nita knew she must obey. But she felt too angry and disappointed to obey pleasantly. She put her books down with a bang, and began to prepare breakfast. Through all the meal she did not speak. Indeed, it was hard work to keep back the tears. She wanted so much to go to school.

When her father had eaten, he went out to find a doctor. Nita cleared the table. Then she made Lucia and Giovanni clean and tidy and sent them to play on the sidewalk.

“If the children are outside, Nita, you must stay near the window,” called her mother from the inner room. “Giovanni might get into the street and fall down.”

“I will watch him, Mother,” answered Nita.

“He is so little. He forgets,” said the mother.

In a short time the father returned with a doctor. Nita listened anxiously to his words.

“She must have rest and quiet,” he said. “The hospital is the best place for her. I will send an ambulance at once.”

“There will be no one to mind the house,” said the father.

“Your daughter will do that,” said the doctor,

smiling at Nita. "She is a big girl. She will be a little mother to the children and will cook your meals."

Nita could hardly smile back. She loved her mother, but just then she could only think of how much she wanted to go to school.

Lucia and Giovanni cried when they saw their mother taken away in the ambulance. Nita comforted them and played with them a little while.

"Be a little mother, as the doctor said," called her father, as he went off to his work.

It was only half-past eight and Nita, sitting on the doorstep, once more thought of school and the lessons she would miss. The street was full of wagons and pushcarts, and the sidewalk was crowded with children carrying school books. Some girls of Nita's class went by.

"Nita!" called Rachel, "what's the matter? Why are you sitting there? Where are your books? Don't you know it's school time?"

"The teacher will not like it if you are late," said Mary.

And then poor Nita began to cry. "I can't go to school," she sobbed. "My mother has gone to the hospital, and I must stay with Lucia and Giovanni."

"Oh, leave them and come along," called Lotta, as she hurried on with the others. "They will be all right."

Nita watched the girls go down the street. Of

course the children would be all right, she thought. There were so many people about; nothing could happen to them.

Quickly she went inside to get her books, and then started running down the street. .

“‘Vanni,’ she called, “stay on the sidewalk, near the house! Lucia, be good to him, and watch him.”

“Si, si,” replied Lucia, who still spoke in Italian because she had not learned many English words. (*Si, si*, means “Yes, yes.”)

Just as Nita reached the school yard, she saw her teacher, who smiled at her. How Nita loved that smile!

“*Boom! Boom! Boom!*”

The children, who had begun to march up the stairs, stopped. The great fire bell had clanged, and children always love to see a fire!

“No, no, children,” cried the teacher, “march! Go right to your rooms!”

They obeyed. It was a serious matter to be even a minute late. But to Nita, the fire bell had brought a message. She had often seen the horses and engines dashing through the streets. She had seen men and women, boys and girls, hurrying to get out of the way.

Suppose that Giovanni should have wandered off the sidewalk? What could Lucia do? That noise always frightened her out of her wits.

Nita did not hesitate. She stepped out of the line

and ran for home. The school building was at the end of the block where she lived. Two blocks up the street the fire horses were coming at a gallop.

Right in the middle of the street were Lucia and little Giovanni! He had fallen down, and Lucia was standing over him screaming.

Darting through the crowd on the sidewalk, Nita reached her little brother and sister and dragged them to the curb just as the engines went by.

Nita was trembling as she took the children into the house. What if she had not come! What would she have said to her father and mother if the little ones had been hurt?

When the first terror and excitement had passed, she began to fret about what her teacher would think of her. The teacher had seen her at the school and must have seen her run away. The teacher would think she had run away from school just to go to a fire!

All the time Nita was washing the breakfast dishes she felt herself a very unhappy little girl. But by the time she had made the beds and put the rooms in order, she began to feel more cheerful.

That afternoon a visitor came — a nurse who had seen her mother at the hospital. She came to find out how the little mother was getting along. She praised the tidy rooms and was so kind that Nita told her of her disappointment at missing school and her fear of what the teacher would think.

"I am sure she will not be angry, Nita," said the lady. "I know her very well and will tell her myself why you are absent. She will be glad to see you when you go back."

While the nurse was speaking, the father came in. He had good news; Mother would be home in a week. With his hand on Nita's head, he said to the lady, "What should we do without our little mother when the big mother is away!"

BENNY COMES TO THE GREAT COUNTRY

BENNY STROWSKI stood as near the front of the ship as he could get. The ship was near the dock. Soon Benny would see his father, who had gone to America two years before, to make a home for Benny and his mother.

There was a long, long wait on the ship, and a long wait afterward in a big, hot room. Sometimes people came and asked questions of the mother. Once a man looked at Benny's eyes, and punched and pummelled him. At last the waiting and the examination came to an end. There, beyond a great gate, Benny saw his father!

"Come this way," said Benjamin Strowski the elder, when he had kissed his wife and child. "I have a fine home ready for you."

They climbed into a big carriage, crowded with

many people talking strange words. Now and then Benny heard his own language, but not often.

“Is it not fine?” said his father, as they left the carriage, which was, of course, a street car. They walked along a street such as Benny had never dreamed of. It was wide, and crowded with men and women, boys and girls and babies, horses and wagons and funny little carts which men pushed along in front of them. Benny could not speak. His eyes were so busy that his tongue had to be idle.

They turned now into a narrower street. Benny thought it more crowded than the other.

Suddenly his father stopped. “Here we are,” he said.

He started down some steps. “Welcome home, my wife, and my son.”

The room was rather dark until Mr. Strowski lighted a lamp. Then Benny saw a bed in one corner, three wooden chairs, a stove, and a table ready for a meal.

For the first meal the father put on the table several kinds of food, ready to eat without any cooking, from little tin cans that had printing all over them. He also put on the table a queer, slippery kind of fruit, which he called “banana.”

“To-morrow,” said the father, smiling at Benny, “I will take you to school.”

“Is it a good school?” asked his mother.

“It is a good school, for girls and boys,” answered

her husband. "Benny will soon learn to read and write. He will learn about many countries, and especially about America."

Benny had finished eating. He looked toward the door.

"You may go up," said his father, opening the door, "only you must stay on the sidewalk. I will show you."

He went up with his little son, and again Benny saw the street and the many, many people. He shrank back from the crowd; but he felt happy to be with his father, and he wanted to go to school.

His father put his own foot on the curb. "Never go beyond this, my son," he said. "Then you will be safe."

He hurried back to his wife, leaving Benny alone in this strange world, watching and listening. One or two children stopped and spoke to him, but he did not understand a word they said, and very soon he found himself alone again. He wished that he could speak as they did, and know what they said.

"Have you just come, little boy?"

He started joyfully. A lady was speaking words he could understand!

"Just now I have come," he told her.

"And you like it?"

"I like it very much," he answered, "and to-morrow I shall go to school."



The lady laughed and sat down on a step near him.
"Come and sit beside me," she said. "I go to all
the schools, because I speak many languages. I help
those who have just come from other countries."

"Shall you come to the school?" asked Benny
eagerly.

"Yes, I shall be at your school to-morrow."

"Do you teach?" he asked.

"No, I only help the teachers. What is your name?"

Benny told her.

"Shall I give you a little lesson now, Benny?"

"What lesson?" asked Benny. "I have not yet any books."

"We shall not need a book," replied the lady. "Tell me who will pay for your lessons in the school?"

Benny was puzzled. "I do not know — my father did not tell me."

"Then I will tell you, Benny. All the men and women in this great city pay for the schools for the boys and girls. Each one pays a little — the rich as much as they can; the poor as much as they can. They do it so that every child may go to school and learn the things that will make him a happy and useful man or woman."

Benny looked at her, his black eyes bright with interest.

"Now comes my lesson, Benny. You cannot thank all the people in the city for your fine school. But you can show how thankful you are by being kind and polite and helpful to every one. Will you remember this? Every day, try to help some one. Perhaps a smaller boy will lose a toy or a book. You will help him to find it. If you see a little girl drop something, pick it up and give it to her. Be kind, always, Benny."

"I will," said Benny. "When any one drops a thing, I will pick it up and give it back to him."

"You are learning very well," said the lady, rising. "Good-by, Benny. I shall see you at the school to-morrow."

Benny sat down on the step and watched the passers-by. Presently he saw something lying on the ground in front of the step. It was a small, black, shiny bag!

Benny picked it up. It was heavy. He wondered what was inside.

He was about to open it when he saw a woman hurrying along the street. She was hunting for something. She looked all over the sidewalk and in the gutter and even out in the street. Benny knew that she must have lost the purse he had found. He quickly sat on it, so that she might not see it.

Another woman stopped the one who was searching. Benny could not understand what they said, but he did understand that the first woman was very much troubled. She wrung her hands and began to cry.

Suddenly Benny remembered the lady and her words: "Every day, try to help some one."

But how could he give up this new, black, shiny bag before he had even opened it? Then he remembered that to-morrow at school he should see the lady. That decided him. He rose and went down the steps, holding out the bag.

The lady took it quickly and opened it. Nothing had been taken. She said some words to Benny — he did not know what she meant — and put something into his hand. It was money; he was sure of that.

He ran down the steps to his home.

“Back so soon?” said his father. “Why, who gave you a new quarter?”

He was happy to be understood again. He told his story, while his father and mother listened. “It is so,” Benny finished, “that the lady told me I can thank this great country and the people who teach me.”

If there is a boy in school who has a club-foot, don’t let him know you ever saw it. If there is a boy with ragged clothes, don’t talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, give him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him.

HORACE MANN

THE FOUR-DOLLAR SERVANT

A RICH man, whose name was Mr. Seidman, employed many servants. He treated them all kindly, and they were fond of him and often told him their troubles and asked his advice. Among these servants were two men, named John and Joseph. John was paid four dollars a week as wages, and Joseph ten dollars a week.

The two men often saw each other at their tasks. John's work was nearly always hard. He had to move heavy furniture about, and carry large boxes and packages up and down stairs. Joseph's work was much easier. He ran errands for his master, worked for him among his books, and wrote letters for him.

John often wondered why Joseph received so large a wage for light work, while he himself worked much harder for less money. He determined to ask Mr. Seidman the reason. He knew that his master was his friend and would be willing to answer his questions.

"There is something that puzzles me," he said to Mr. Seidman one day. "I wish you would explain it to me." And he told him his trouble.

Mr. Seidman listened, and then answered, "Yes, I will explain to you the reason for the difference between your wages and Joseph's. But first, do you

see that loaded wagon that has stopped in the street?
Ask the driver, please, what he has in his load."

John went out to the street and returned at once, saying that the wagon was loaded with wheat.

"Where is the wheat going?" asked Mr. Seidman.
Again John went out to the wagon.

"The wheat is to be delivered in Brod," he reported.

"And from where does it come?" Mr. Seidman asked.

Once more John was obliged to go out to the street and speak to the driver of the wagon.

Then Mr. Seidman wished to know how much grain there was in the load.

As soon as John had learned this, his master asked what the price was per bushel. Again John ran out to the wagon.

Altogether he made five trips in order to answer his master's questions.

Then Mr. Seidman sent for Joseph, who was busy at his work in another room.

"Joseph," he said, "run out to that driver and ask him what he has in his wagon. I want to know."

Joseph quickly ran out to the street; and it was not very long — in fact only as long as it took John to ask his first question — before he came back.

"Well?" asked his master.

"The driver comes from the town of Sinyava," answered Joseph, "but his load of wheat comes



from Svod, and he says he is taking it to Brod. Since early morning he has been on the road, but expects to get to Brod before night. He has more than one hundred and twenty bushels of wheat in the load, and it is worth seventy-five cents a bushel. He tells me that the wheat crop has been large this year, and that we may expect a fall in the price before long. Is that all, Mr. Seidman?"

"Yes, that is all, Joseph. Now, John," said Mr. Seidman, "do you understand why Joseph is worth a larger wage than you are?"

John nodded. "Yes," he replied, "he thinks while he works."

A RUSSIAN FOLK STORY

SAVING MONEY

WE have all seen, from the outside, the savings-banks that are scattered here and there in our big cities. Perhaps we have said as we passed them, "How much money there must be inside! Some day I hope I shall have enough money so that I can begin to save. Then I will let the bank take care of it for me."

It would be far better for us to say, "I am not going to put off saving till I have a big sum of money. To-day I will begin with the pennies, for the pennies make the dimes, and the dimes make the dollars."

There is a good old-fashioned word called "thrift." Every man, woman, boy, and girl ought to know what it means. It does not stand for stinginess. It is not the same thing as meanness. But it does mean taking good care of our money so that we will not spend it for foolish things. People in Europe know much more about thrift than the people on this side of the water. Many Americans earn money quickly, but spend it still more quickly.

It is easy to hold out your hand to mother or father now and then for a penny. Did you ever try, instead, to *earn* that penny? If you did some extra task about the house and received the money, it probably meant ten times as much to you as the penny that came just for the asking. You were not so ready to run out to

the store with it to buy candy. That was because you had learned to be an *earner* instead of a *spender*.

Boys and girls need not grow up before earning a little money. In a big city, especially, there are many chances to do this. Perhaps the grocer needs an extra boy Saturdays or some neighbor wants a careful girl to take care of her children for a few hours. Then there are papers to be sold and errands to be run.

Out of the money thus earned, a little should be saved. If all men had been taught when children not to spend every cent that came to them, more would be like Longfellow's blacksmith:

"He looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man."

There would be less stealing and fewer beggars on our streets.

The sooner children learn to earn and keep money, the sooner will they be able to take care of themselves. For many years their food, clothes, and education have been paid for by their parents, but this cannot continue always. Isn't it only fair that some of the care and expense should be shared by the children?

Now, having made up our minds that we are going to save, the next thing is to find some person or persons who will take care of our savings. Of course we cannot expect the big banks to take the trouble of letting children begin accounts with only a few pennies. That

would mean that extra clerks would have to be hired and an immense amount of book-keeping would have to be done. A better thing is to put in the bank one sum that is made up of the savings of many children.

School banks were started for this very purpose. The man who first thought of this plan had lived in Belgium, where people are more thrifty than in the United States. He thought it would be a good plan for boys and girls to take to school the money they were able to save and give it to their principal or teacher to keep for them. Every time this was done, a record was made in a book, just as is done in a real bank. Then when the pennies and nickels made a large enough sum, the principal, or teacher, took the money to the bank and left it there, or deposited it. In time a child might save enough to have a bank account of his own and then he was given a book for himself. Then, too, his money began to earn still more money, or *interest*.

This plan, or something like it, has been tried in many schools throughout the country. It has been a splendid success. It is surprising how fast the pennies pile up. Boys and girls find ways of earning money they had never thought of before. Later, they can put their savings to good use — can perhaps have a college education.

After school banks were started, the students of the Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania saved about

ten thousand dollars a year. Think what that means! With some of this money they had earned, they bought trunks, clothing, and books to take back to their Western homes.

In some places, school children are given small metal holders, called "dime nailers," just large enough to contain twenty dimes. By the time these little banks are filled, two dollars have been saved. Then the money is taken to the bank and the holder is emptied, ready for the next two dollars.

In other cities, school children save money by buying stamps. This is also a good way, for the cheapest stamps cost only a penny apiece, and so a child can save even very small sums. Then, too, he can quickly tell at any time how much money he has saved, for the stamps are pasted on a card or in a book. When he has bought enough stamps to start a bank account, the child gives his book or card to the teacher, and she deposits the money at the bank for him. Then he is given a bank book of his own.

The mottoes printed on the stamp-cards used in Boston are worth learning. They are:

A penny saved is a penny gained.

A wise man saves for the future.

You can't get rich by spending money.

Everybody should have a bank account.

A house is built one brick at a time.



HELEN HUNT JACKSON

HELEN HUNT JACKSON was the daughter of a professor in Amherst College. She lived many years in New England. Later she went West to live, and most of her stories are about the West.

The great work of her life was the help she gave the Western Indians. She felt they had been wrongly treated. To find out facts for herself, she traveled through their villages, listened to their sad stories, and promised to do what she could for them. The red men respected and loved the gentle "queen,"

as they called her. She kept her promise by writing two books about Indian life called *A Century of Dishonor* and *Ramona*.

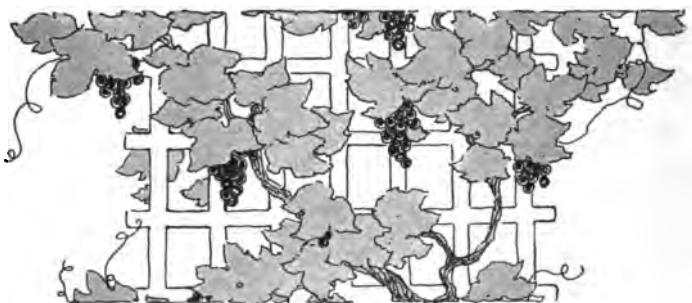
The last ten years of her life were spent in Colorado. There she was buried in 1884, on a mountain that is called Mount Jackson in her honor. For some time after her death it was the custom for each traveler who visited her grave to place a stone on it, so as to build up a monument.

Helen Hunt Jackson was not only fond of nature, but she knew how to put her thoughts about nature into beautiful words. What could be more lovely than this little poem about the autumn month of September? Emerson thought Mrs. Jackson's poems were the best ever written by an American woman. He used to carry them about in his pocket to read to his friends.

SEPTEMBER

The goldenrod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun,
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.



The sedges flaunt their harvest,
In every meadow nook,
And asters by the brook-side
Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise,
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens,
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL was one of our greatest American poets. He also wrote a great deal of prose, which is almost as beautiful as poetry. Most of his life was spent in a roomy, old-fashioned house called "Elmwood" in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He was a neighbor and close friend of Longfellow. In many ways, the lives of the two men were much alike.

Lowell was a scholar, but he was not always shut up in his library with books. He found birds, flowers, and running water interesting, too. He could write a beautiful poem about so simple a thing as a fountain. Many persons might not have given a thought to the fountain. Lowell, however, had a poet's heart, and the "fresh, changeful, constant" stream of water said many things to him.

THE FOUNTAIN

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow;

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine,
Thy element;

Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born in 1794 in Cummington, Massachusetts, and he lived to be eighty-four years old. He knew his letters when he was only a baby of sixteen months; at five years of age, he stood up on a chair and recited hymns. He called this "preaching." At the age when most children are learning to read, Bryant began to write verses.

He studied to be a lawyer, but became a writer instead. He led a busy life as poet, author, editor, and traveler.

Mr. Bryant was very fond of outdoor life. Many of his verses are written about New England country scenes. One poem is "To a Water-Fowl"; another, "A Forest Hymn"; and still a third, "The Death of the Flowers."

One of the brightest of his nature poems is "Robert of Lincoln." This is the name given by the poet to the merry, cheerful bobolink who makes the summer sweet with his rippling song. This bird is the very best kind of watchman. Whenever there is any hint of danger, he warns his mate at once with a cry of alarm.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
“Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.”

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright, black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
“Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine;
Sure, there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.”

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
“Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;

Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee."

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note.
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can!
Chee, chee, chee."

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight;
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
"Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee."

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood:

“Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.”

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air:
“Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows, but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.”

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln’s a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
“Bob-o-link, bob-o-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.”

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

THE MAGIC SHOES

How They Earned a New Pair for Louis

“My shoes are worn out, Mother, see!” said little French Louis, looking down at his wooden shoes which, long worn at the toes, had cracked at last from heel to instep. They were great, heavy shoes which made his feet look twice as large as they really were, but they were not so very uncomfortable when stuffed with straw. Most of the children wore them over leather-soled socks. But Louis had nothing between them and his bare toes, which were now trying to squeeze through the holes.

“Look, Mother,” Louis repeated anxiously.

Louis’s mother was kneeling in a wooden box, washing clothes in the canal. She gave a last spank with her wooden beater to a bit of linen spread on a stone, and then pulled herself up to gaze at her boy’s feet.

“Eh! La, la!” she cried. “What shoes! Truly they are good for nothing now. You’ll have to go barefoot for awhile, Louis, till I can earn money for a new pair. But the weather is still warm and you won’t mind.”

“But, Mother, school opens in a week, and what shall I do?” Louis looked more and more anxious.

“Bless me! I forgot the school!” exclaimed his

mother blankly. "Well, it can't be helped. What a pity I had to spend that extra three francs for your father's medicine! That would just have bought you new sabots. Alas!" She bent again to her washing with a sigh.

"Then I can't go to school with the other children?" Louis's lip trembled. "In a week the school will open and I sha'n't be there. For I can't go barefoot, can I, Mother?"

"No, no," she said, shaking her head without looking up. "I'd be ashamed to have you so. I daresay the teacher wouldn't like it either; and certainly the children would laugh at you. Nay, you must wait for a few weeks, a month or so, till I wash out some money. Ah! It's a hard world for poor folks, my son!"

A few weeks — a month or so! Louis knew better than his mother, who had never gone to school herself, just what a loss this meant to him. He could hardly keep from crying, he wanted so much to go to school.

He turned away from his mother and went along the canal to a little garden in front of the house. Here all kinds of flowers were growing gaily, nasturtiums and lovely roses, and bright creepers making a ladder to the roof. Though the home of Louis was one of the smallest along the canal, with its garden it was the very prettiest; and often the boat-loads of tourists

paused to exclaim and to admire the little spot of color it made above the dark water.

Louis took off his sabots and looked at them in disgust. They had been mended with straps of tin and strengthened with copper bands more than once. But now they were past help; past active service. He might as well toss them into the canal.

"I'll make boats of them," said Louis, with a spark of enthusiasm. He could not stay gloomy for long. "Maybe they'll float for a little while, till the cracks fill."

The sabots floated; indeed they looked rather like little wooden boats. Before this day Louis had sent others on a last voyage down the canal, and it had been great fun. But this time there were no new ones waiting in the cottage to take their place.

Just as Louis bent over to set the shoes adrift, a trailer of nasturtium tickled his wrist. He broke off a spray and thrust it into one of the shoes.

"Here's a cargo!" he said, chuckling. "I'll load my boats." And forthwith he began to fill the shoes with flowers. Louis had a knack of fixing flowers prettily. When he was at school, his teacher had asked him to arrange the vase for her desk every morning. Now he became absorbed in his task.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, cocking his head on one side and holding up one of the sabots full of bright blossoms and green leaves. "It makes a pretty good

flower-vase, doesn't it? The stems fit down nicely into the toes, and — I've got an idea! I am going to surprise Mother!"

He got to his feet eagerly and ran to the house, carrying his two new flower-vases. Presently with a hammer and nails he fastened one on each side of the front door; and very pretty they looked there with the long sprays of nasturtium hanging down.

Louis stood admiring them and chuckling to himself. "Won't Mother laugh!" he said. "There is some good in the old shoes, after all."

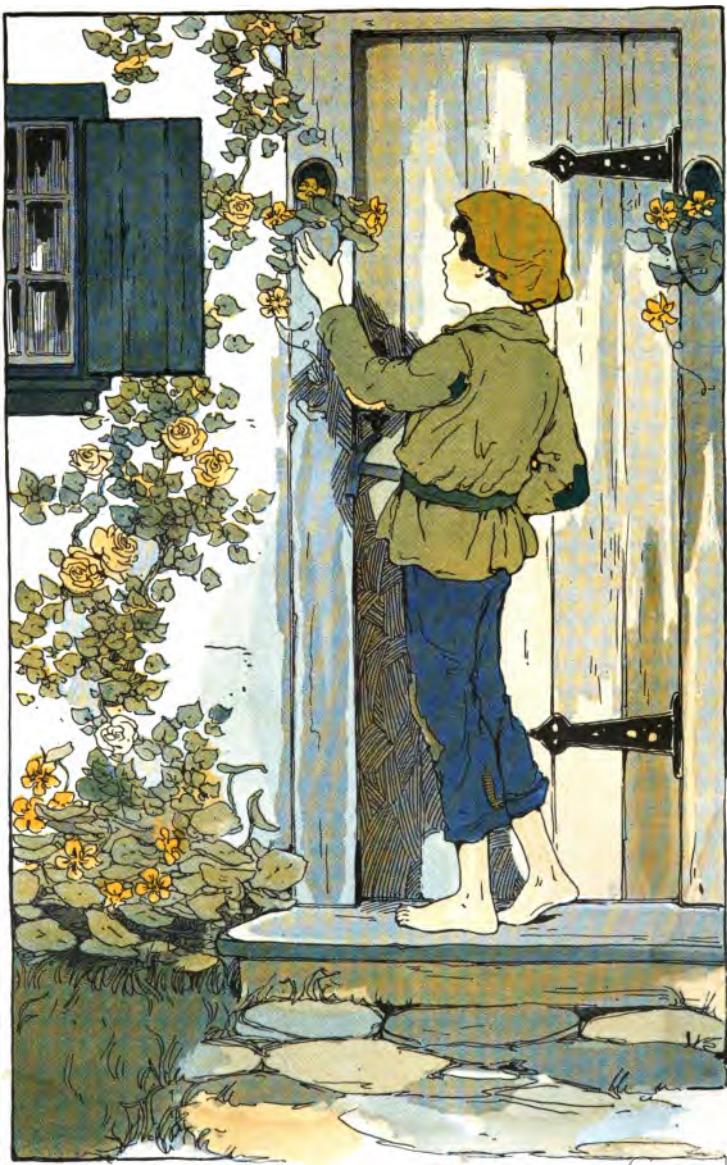
Just then he heard a call from the river. A boat full of tourists was passing, rowed by a sturdy townsman. Louis knew the man well.

"What a sweet little garden!" cried a lady's voice in a language that Louis could not understand. "And, oh! do look at those pretty flower-holders on each side of the cottage door!"

"Why, they are just wooden shoes!" said another voice.

"So they are. What a splendid idea!" exclaimed the first lady. "Do ask that little boy about them."

"Hello!" called the sailorman in French, with a grin. "Hi there, Louis! The ladies are admiring your *flower-vases!*" And he gave the boy a wink which his passengers missed. "How long have they been there, Louis? I never saw them before."



Louis laughed in reply. "They are quite new. I just invented them."

"They are the cutest things I ever saw!" cried the enthusiastic foreigner. "Ask the little boy if he would be willing to sell them to me, please."

The sailor made big eyes at Louis as he translated the lady's message. And he added on his own behalf, "Eh, la, la! You can never tell what these strange foreigners will want next. I advise you to sell your old shoes pretty quickly, my boy."

"It is a joke," said Louis, staring.

"Never a bit," answered the man. "She means it."

"Well," cried Louis, with a quick breath, as an idea came to him, "tell her I will sell — I will sell them for — for three francs, Pierre."

Pierre stared. "Three francs! It is the price of a new pair of sabots, Louis."

"Just that," Louis nodded, with an eager flush on his face — and Pierre translated the message to his passengers, expecting them to laugh.

"Cheap enough!" said the lady, producing a tiny purse and counting out three silver coins. "I wanted to get a pair of sabots for a souvenir. Now I have the sabots and the flowers and an idea to carry home. You will see how attractive they will look when I have them on my wall at home."

"On the wall of her room!" muttered Pierre. "Eh! These foreigners! Well, she buys your shoes, Louis,"

he called out. "Here!" And he tossed the silver to the waiting boy.

"Here are your flower-vases," said Louis, handing the sabots gravely to the boatman. His eyes met Pierre's with the merest twinkle.

"Lucky little dog!" whispered Pierre in French. "I suppose you will spend the money on cakes and sweetmeats, and get ill, eh?"

"No," said Louis. "I shall buy new sabots and go to school." He bowed politely to the ladies. But he could hardly wait for them to pull away from the bank before he was scampering off to tell his mother the news and show her the coins.

"Eh! La, la!" she said, as Pierre had. "These foreigners!"

And that is how wooden shoes became all the fashion for flower-holders along the canal of Louis's town.

They were, soon, almost as magical as the little glass slipper of Cinderella, for they earned for Louis and the other little boys and girls all sorts of good things. Any child who had a very old, shabby pair of sabots would fill them with the gayest possible posies, sometimes growing in rich brown earth.

How pretty they were, and how wonderful that some one always bought them, because of Louis's wooden shoes full of flowers!

ABbie FARWELL BROWN

THE GREEK BIRD-MEN

WE hear a great deal to-day about people who fly through the air in strange machines called aeroplanes. Perhaps you have seen one of them, either as it lifted itself from the ground or as it sailed away over the house-tops and trees like a real bird. It all seems very new and wonderful. Yet when we read the old stories told by the Greeks many, many years ago, we find that at least two of them were bird-men, also.

Daedalus and his young son Icarus lived on the island of Crete, off the coast of Greece. Here ruled a king named Minos. Now Daedalus was a skillful worker with tools and made many wonderful things. One of these, which he built for the king, was a network of passages with so many turns that anybody who entered it lost his way and could not get out without help.

After a time, King Minos and Daedalus quarreled, and the ruler had Daedalus shut up in a tower. The prisoner managed to escape, but was unable to leave the island because Minos had all the vessels watched. Daedalus tried hard to think of a way to get away from the island.

“I know!” at last he said. “Minos may control the land and the sea, but he is not ruler of the air. That is what I am going to be.”

He set to work at once to make his words come true. A pair of wings seemed to be what he needed. Didn't the birds who flew over Crete have wings? And weren't they free to come and go as they pleased? Since he was so skillful with tools, Daedalus had no doubt that he, too, would soon be soaring happily through the air.

As Daedalus worked on his wings, the birds helped him in more ways than one. He used their feathers which he picked up here and there, and he copied the shape of their wings, gently curving his own, just as theirs were curved. The larger feathers he fastened together with thread and the smaller ones with wax.

All this time, the boy Icarus stood by and watched his father. Often he picked up feathers that had blown away and sometimes he moulded the wax in his fingers. He may have helped Daedalus a little, but he probably hindered him quite as much.

At last the strange, new wings were ready for flying. Very early in the morning, before any one was stirring, Daedalus carried them down to the shore. Icarus followed, watching even more eagerly than before. Would the wings work? Would his father really fly at last like the birds? There was still another question he asked with beating heart. Would his father come down to earth again safely, without any accident?

Daedalus fitted the wings to his shoulders. Then he moved them up and down as he had seen the birds



do. Slowly, but surely, up and up they carried him until he was high in air. He was a real bird-man at last!

"You shall have a pair of wings, too, Icarus," he said when he came down.

Before long he had the second pair of wings ready and was giving the boy his first flying lesson. He was anxious that Icarus should be very, very careful.

"Fly neither too low nor too high, my son," he said. "If you fly too low, the dampness will make your wings too heavy, and if you fly too high, the sun will melt the wax. Don't go far from me."

How happy Icarus was at the thought of being a bird-man himself! He could scarcely wait to lift his feet from the ground. At the same time, he was a

little timid. Daedalus, too, wondered if anything would go wrong and he kissed the boy tenderly after he had fastened the wings on him.

The father flew upward first, then looked down and called to Icarus to follow. The boy did as he was told. Soon he found himself above the earth, as high as his father. The second pair of wings proved to be as great a success as the first.

Very, very far below them, Daedalus and Icarus could see patches of green trees and the blue ocean. They could also make out islands and pastures, every moment growing smaller and smaller. Plowmen and shepherds stopped their work and gazed upward in surprise as the bird-men passed over them.

“They must be gods,” the people said, “or they could never fly.”

So wonderful was this flying trip that Icarus forgot all that his father had told him before they started. It was such fun to see what he could do with the new wings! Higher and higher, farther and farther from Daedalus he flew until — something dreadful happened! He began to feel hot — very hot — and, looking about him, he saw that he was not far from the sun.

The wax that held his feathers together was melting. First one feather floated downward, then another, and still another. Soon his wings were almost gone. He waved his arms up and down. He tried hard to make them take the place of the wings he could no

longer use. Then Icarus fell, headed straight for the sea.

He opened his mouth to cry aloud to his father, but the waters choked him. Daedalus, glancing right and left for his missing boy, could not guess where he had disappeared.

“Icarus! Icarus!” he called again and again. “Where are you?”

There was no answer. He looked below. Nothing was to be seen on the surface of the blue water except some fluttering feathers — all that was left of the wings of Icarus. They showed what had happened.

“Oh, if I had only been contented as I was!” cried Daedalus. “How I wish I had never tried to make wings!”

Sad and unhappy, he let himself down to earth, far from the island of Crete. He made his home there, and built a temple, in which he hung up his wings. With his boy gone, he had no desire to use them again.

Since the days of Daedalus, there have been many other men, as clever as he, who have learned to fly. They have never reached the sun, it is true, and we do not think they ever will. But they have found out more than one secret which the Greek bird-men never guessed, wise as they were.

These attempts to fly have at last led to the building of aeroplanes. Are they not safer and better than wings made of feathers and wax?

HOW THE LITTLE KITE LEARNED TO FLY

“I NEVER can do it,” the little kite said,
As he looked at the others high over his head;
“I know I should fall if I tried to fly.”
“Try,” said the big kite; “only try!
Or I fear you never will learn at all.”
But the little kite said, “I’m afraid I’ll fall.”

The big kite nodded: “Ah, well, good-by;
I’m off;” and he rose toward the tranquil sky.
Then the little kite’s paper stirred at the sight,
And trembling he shook himself free for flight.
First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,
Up, up he rose through the air alone,
Till the big kite looking down could see
The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled with pride,
As he sailed with the big kite side by side!
While far below he could see the ground,
And the boys like small spots moving round.
They rested high in the quiet air,
And only the birds and clouds were there.
“Oh, how happy I am!” the little kite cried;
“And all because I was brave, and tried.”

MAKING A KITE

"My, but isn't that airship a beauty?" cried Bobby, holding up his book to show the picture to the family. "Oh dear, I wish I had an airship and could sail it, and I wish it wasn't a rainy day, and —"

Bobby threw down his book and walked over to the window. Outside the rain was falling in a steady, dismal downpour.

"Ho!" laughed his older brother Tom, "what could you do with an airship? You can't even fly a kite."

"I could, too!" cried Bobby angrily. "I could if I had one. I never —"

"Children!" said Mother.

"Let's do better," said Uncle Fred, putting down his paper. "Let's make a kite."

"Make a kite!" said Tom in surprise.

"Make a kite?" said Bobby. "Oh, Uncle Fred!"

"Well, Bobby, you take the yardstick and run out to the shed. We'll need a light stick just that length. See if you can find one."

"Hurrah!" cried Bobby, rushing off.

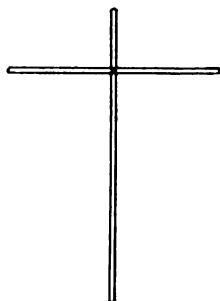
"Wait a minute," cried Uncle Fred; but Bobby was out of sight.

Tom laughed. "You'll want another piece, won't you, Uncle Fred?" he said.

"Well, we shall if we make a kite, Tom."

"I'll get it," said Tom, putting down his book.
"How long a piece?"

"About two feet will do," returned his uncle.



Bobby came running back at this moment, dragging the yardstick and another piece of wood.

"Just right!" he cried, waving the wood excitedly.

"Fine!" cried Uncle Fred. "Now get some string."

Bobby brought the string. Tom came back with another piece of wood, and in a short time Uncle Fred had the two pieces fixed together crosswise, to form the framework of the kite. Then Bobby notched the four ends and tied the string around so as to connect the ends of the sticks, like this.

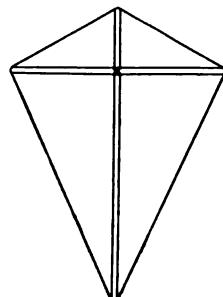
"Now," said Uncle Fred, "it is ready to cover."

"Can we have pink cloth?" cried Bobby. "Joe has a pink one and it's a beauty!"

"It is rather a small kite for a cloth covering," said Uncle Fred doubtfully. "Newspapers are as good as anything."

Bobby looked disappointed.

"I'll tell you," said Mother, joining them. "What



about that roll of pink paper in the attic? It is strong enough, I am sure."

"Hurrah!" cried Bobby. "That will be fine!"

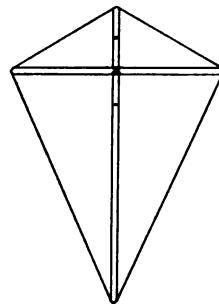
"Yes, I think that is all right," said Uncle Fred, when Bobby brought the paper. "That will stand a good deal."

"Let's cover it, let's cover it!" cried Bobby, jumping up and down.

"Hold on," said Uncle Fred. "We are forgetting a very important part. Tom, you had better do this. Bore two holes in the long piece of wood, one halfway from the top to the cross-piece, and the other an equal distance below the cross-piece. Now, run a string through those holes and fasten it by a knot. Now you have something to which you can tie your flying string."

Uncle Fred then showed the boys how to cut out the paper. First they laid the frame of the kite on the paper and cut it out, leaving a margin all around. Then they turned the edge of the paper over the strings that made the outside of the kite, and pasted the paper down carefully.

While the boys were doing this, Uncle Fred had been busy in the corner. He came back holding up something in his hand. It was a piece of string



about three feet long with bunches of bright paper tied to it every three or four inches.



The boys cried out in admiration.

"We'll have a tail to our kite," said Uncle Fred.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed Bobby, as he tied it to the lower end of the kite.

"How did you make the paper things?" asked Tom, with interest.

"I know, you just folded and folded a square of paper, didn't you, Uncle Fred?" said Bobby, looking at the tail.

"Right!" answered Uncle Fred. "The pieces were about four or five inches square before I folded them."

"How would you like this for the end of the tail, Bobby?" asked Mother, holding up a pink paper tassel.

"Oh, Mother!" cried Bobby, clapping his hands. "How did you ever do it?"

"I'll tell you some day," said Mother, laughing. "Even Uncle Fred can't make a tassel like that."

"That's right," said Uncle Fred. "I can't. Now, boys, tie on the flying string and it will be ready."

"Ready to fly?" cried Bobby, picking up the kite and starting toward the door.

"Hold on!" said Uncle Fred. "We'll have to learn to fly it to-morrow. We'll hope for a wind and clear weather. It's a little late now, anyway."

"Why, so it is," said Bobby, looking at the clock. "It's supper time, and it's raining too. Why, what fun we've had!"

"Haven't we?" said Mother, smiling. "We thank you, Uncle Fred. It wasn't so many years ago that you and I made kites on rainy afternoons, was it? Do you remember the story Father always told us afterward?"

"I should say I do," answered Uncle Fred. "The kite was never finished without it."

"You never told us, Mother," said Bobby in a grieved tone.

"Didn't I?" said Mother in great surprise. "Why, what a mistake for me to make! I must tell you immediately. This is the way Grandfather always began:

"Now, children, there's your kite. A kite is a wonderful thing. I hope you'll live to see something more wonderful. Airships are coming. They're coming as sure as you're alive. Why! (and here he always opened his eyes very wide and looked mysterious) Benjamin Franklin, way back in seventeen hundred odd, had an airship.'

"And then we would all cry out, 'Why, Father!'

"As sure as you're alive,' he would say. 'I know

it, for my father told me and his father told him, so it must be true.'

"Once upon a time, when Benjamin Franklin was a boy, he traveled way across a mill pond, lying flat on his back in the water, holding to the string of his kite. Now if that isn't an airship, what is it?'"

"Oh, Mother!" cried Bobby, "how wonderful! Could I do it?"

"Well, Bobby," said Mother, "I don't think you'd better try it. Grandfather always said that that kind of airship was likely to leak."

THE BOYAR'S BRIDE

A Russian Folk Story

PART I

ONCE upon a time there lived in Russia two brothers. They were peasants; the one was rich and overbearing, the other poor, but proud of his pretty young daughter. She was a great favorite with everybody. "Baby" was her pet name, and it clung to her even when she grew up into womanhood.

One day, when Baby was just seventeen, the rich brother made her father a present of a thin, starved-looking cow.

Baby nursed the poor thing, and soon it grew strong and healthy. After a while it gave them a dear little calf.

When the rich brother heard of this, he wanted to take the calf away.

"I gave you the cow, but not its calf," said he.

"If the cow is ours, the calf is ours also," said the poor brother.

What was to be done? They went to the Boyar, who was a judge, and asked him to decide. The Boyar was young, but already the fame of his wisdom had spread far and wide. He listened as each stated his case.

"I will give you three riddles," he said. "The calf shall belong to him who answers them correctly. First, guess what is the swiftest thing in all the earth."

The two peasants went home. Baby's father was discouraged. He asked his daughter whether she could think of the right answer.

"Go to bed and sleep, dear Father," she replied. "Night gives sweet repose, and wisdom comes with the morning light."

In the morning Baby woke him and said, "Tell the kind Boyar that Thought is the swiftest thing in all the earth."

The peasant went to the Boyar's palace, where he met his rich brother.

"Well," said the Boyar, "have you discovered what is the swiftest thing in all the earth?"

The rich man said, "I have a horse which gallops faster than the wind. Nothing can be swifter in all the earth."

The Boyar laughed.

The poor man said, "Thought is the swiftest thing in all the earth."

"Who told you this?" asked the Boyar.

"My daughter, Baby."

"All right," said the Boyar. "Now guess what is the fattest thing in all creation."

The peasants went home.

"Well, Baby, what shall I answer this time?"

"Go to bed and sleep, dear Father," she replied. "Night gives sweet repose, and wisdom comes with the morning light."

In the morning Baby woke him and said, "Tell the kind Boyar that the Earth itself is the fattest thing in all creation. It nourishes all, and never grows any thinner."

The peasants came to the Boyar's palace. He came out to meet them and asked, "Well, what is the fattest thing in all creation?"

The rich brother stepped forward and said, "I have an ox which is so fat that nothing can possibly be fatter in all creation."

The Boyar laughed heartily.

The poor brother said, "The Earth itself is surely the fattest thing in all creation. It nourishes all and never grows any thinner."

The Boyar was astonished and asked, "Who told you this?"

“My daughter, Baby.”

The Boyar then gave the third riddle: “What is the dearest thing in life?”

The peasants went home.

“Well, Baby, what shall I answer this time? This one is harder than the other two.”

“Go to bed and sleep, dear Father,” she replied. “Night gives sweet repose, and wisdom comes with the morning light.”

The peasant fell asleep.

In the morning Baby woke him and said, “Tell the kind Boyar that sleep is the dearest thing in life. In sleep all our sorrows are forgotten.”

The peasant arose and went to the Boyar. The rich brother was already at the palace.

The Boyar asked, “Well, what is the dearest thing in life?”

The rich man stepped forward and said, “The dearest thing in life is a wife.”

The Boyar laughed long and merrily.

The poor man said, “The dearest thing in life is sleep. In sleep all our sorrows are forgotten.”

“Who told you this?” asked the Boyar.

“My daughter, Baby.”

“She is a very clever girl,” said the Boyar.

He gave the calf to the poor brother and decided there and then that Baby would make him a suitable

wife. But he thought he would like to test her wisdom still further before seeing her.

So he took a sieve, put seven eggs in it, and gave it to the peasant, saying, "Take this to your daughter. Tell her she must return the sieve to-morrow with seven chickens hatched from these eggs."

PART II

Scarcely had an hour passed when the peasant returned, carrying a sackful of seeds.

"There!" said the peasant, casting down his burden. "My daughter sends you these seeds. She says you are to send her to-morrow at daybreak some wheat grown from them for the little chickens to eat — otherwise they will not be able to live for a single hour."

The Boyar laughed heartily.

"All right," said he. "Take this spinning-wheel to her. Tell her to weave me some linen out of it, and from the linen make me a shirt for to-morrow."

Scarcely had an hour passed when the peasant returned carrying another sack.

"There!" said he, casting down his burden. "My daughter sends you this bagful of flaxseed. She bids you sow it without delay, and she promises that if you send her the new flax grown from it in two hours, you shall have your shirt to-morrow morning."

"What a sharp little minx your daughter must be!" said the Boyar, highly amused.

"Now let her come herself to me, but neither on foot nor on horseback, not in a sledge, and not in a cart or carriage. She must be neither dressed nor undressed, and she must neither bring me a present nor come empty-handed."

The peasant went home.

"Go to bed and sleep, dear Father," said his daughter. "Night gives sweet repose, and wisdom comes with the morning light."

Next morning Baby arose and wrapped herself heavily in a closely-woven fishing-net. She put on a pair of snow-shoes, and taking a dove in her hand, went forth to meet the Boyar.

In spite of herself, she could not help feeling rather anxious as she approached the palace walls.

"I have come to you, kind Boyar, neither dressed nor undressed, neither on foot nor on horseback, neither on a sledge nor on a cart — here I bring you my present."

She held out the dove to the Boyar, but even as he stretched forth his hand to take it, it flapped its wings and flew away. So the Boyar received no present, although Baby had not come with empty hands.

The Boyar was delighted with her cleverness, and straightway promised to marry her. But he said, "Listen to me, Baby. I am going to be master, and in spite of all your cleverness, you must never interfere in my business. Remember that I, the husband, am

the head, and that you are my heart and wife. If you break this promise, you are no longer my wife. I shall send you back to your father, and shall allow you to take away with you only that which is dearest to your heart."

Baby agreed, saying the conditions were quite reasonable.

They were married with great pomp and ceremony, and they lived very happily together.

But once it happened that the Boyar gave a very severe sentence against a man who was brought before him for trial. Baby's heart went out in sympathy to the condemned man. She went into the court and pleaded so well in his behalf, before all the people, that the Boyar reduced the sentence.

In the evening he came to Baby and said, "Listen, my dear wife. I love you more than I can tell, but, alas, I cannot allow the bargain we made to be broken. I shall suffer in parting from you. But you must return to your father to-night."

Baby was silent. She felt that she had acted rightly, but she loved the kind Boyar very dearly, and the thought of leaving him almost broke her heart. She thought hard for a few minutes, and then an idea struck her.

They were dining together alone for the last time. Baby contrived to pour a sleeping-potion into the Boyar's wine-cup. When he fell asleep, she ordered



her servants to carry him to her father's house, and she went there herself, also.

The Boyar at length awoke and rubbed his eyes in amazement.

"Where on earth am I?" he asked.

Baby was by his side in a moment. "In my father's house, my prince," she said. "According to our bargain, I was to be allowed to take away with me that which was dearest to my heart. So I took you."

The Boyar arose and, taking her soft hands in his own, said, "My child, you have conquered me. I cannot live without you."

And they went home again to the palace.

BARONESS E. BILA

THE STEEPLE JACK

IT was early afternoon on lower Broadway. Busy crowds were hurrying by on the sidewalks, and long lines of automobiles and street cars moved forward block by block at the order of the traffic policeman. Suddenly a messenger boy gave a shout and pointed up toward the tall Singer Building. A few people stopped and looked, too, then more and more, until a crowd was gathered in the street, all gazing upward.

Far up on the flagpole of the building, so high above the sidewalk that he looked scarcely larger than a good-sized beetle, a man was hitching himself slowly up toward the big gilt ball at the top.

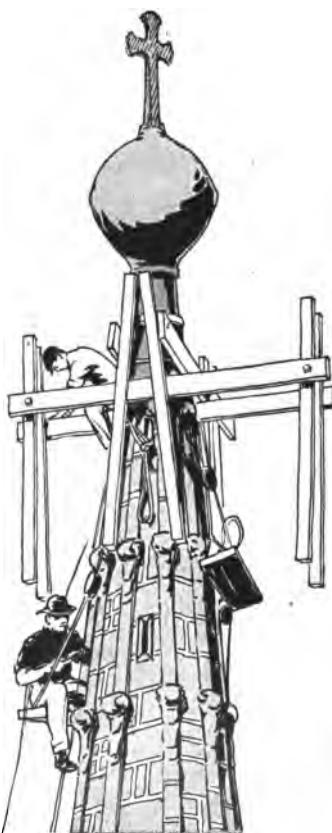
New York has many tall church steeples and tall buildings with flagpoles, and on most of them, sooner or later, a steeple jack may be seen. He climbs upward slowly and steadily, carrying with him the paint pots or the tools that he needs for his work of repair. The sight never fails to draw a crowd in the street. People are always interested to watch a man who takes the risk of death in the course of his everyday work.

The crowd which gathered that afternoon in lower Broadway stood watching the man in the white clothes of a painter as he worked his way up the flagpole. Reaching the top, he could be seen arranging ropes and

tackle. Once he seemed to slip, and the crowd gave a deep groan. Then he settled down to the work of painting the pole, hitching himself around by the ropes, and from time to time letting himself down a little. All the afternoon he worked there, and all the afternoon a crowd watched him, wondering what he was doing, what he was thinking about, and if he was afraid.

At the end of the day he let himself down, as slowly and carefully as he had gone up, took off his working clothes, and went home to supper.

"I do not know much about steeple climbing," he replied to a question, "because I am just a painter. Afraid? Why, no. Why should I be? I know that if my tackle is all right and I am not careless, I am safe. What do I think about when I am climbing the pole? About my job, of course. I do not have time to look down at the street and wonder what the



crowd is doing. I am too busy getting the paint on that flagpole."

Trinity Church is in one of the busiest parts of New York, and a great crowd always gathers whenever a steeple jack is seen there. This steeple is more than three hundred feet high. Steeple climbers say it is not hard to climb, compared with many other steeples. All the way up, it has ornamental stone knobs, and a skillful climber can draw himself up from one to another quite easily although the knobs are four or five feet apart. But at the top he has a hard time, for here is a big round ball of stone about five feet across, where the climber has no places for his feet at all.

Hanging only by his hands, he must pull himself up and over this ball in order to reach the cross at the top. This would be hard enough to do if the stone ball were near the ground, but high in the air, it becomes a task of great danger.

The steeple rocks like a tree in the wind. Steeple jacks say that the Trinity steeple sways eighteen inches every time an elevated train passes, and that they can feel the passing of every street car by the trembling of the steeple. The Washington Monument, they say, sways several feet when the wind blows very hard.

Painting is not the only work that a steeple jack must be able to do while perched high above the street. Often he has to repair masonry, clean smokestacks, put

up lightning rods, and even tear down steeples. Stone steeples are taken down stone by stone, but wooden steeples are burned. The man sets the steeple afire at the top and paints creosote around it from time to time in order to check the fire. In this way a few feet at a time are burned off, and little by little the steeple jack, with the smoke and flame above his head, works his way down to the level of the roof.

GERTRUDE HILL SPRINGER

SIXTY FEET UNDER A RIVER

SIXTY feet under the Hudson River are two tunnels, or tubes, as they are called. Through these tubes hundreds of trains run every day, taking people back and forth between New York and New Jersey.

They seem like any other railroad tunnel, but they are really very different. They are built under the bottom of the river. Far up, sixty feet above the passing trains, tugs are steaming up and down the river, and ferry boats are plowing back and forth from shore to shore.

Not many people who ride in these tunnels ever stop to think of the wise men who planned them, or of the hard work it meant to build them.

The tunnels were started in 1874, over forty years ago. A shaft, like a big well, was dug on the Jersey side. Pumps running night and day kept the water out of this shaft so that men could work in it. All

the dirt and mud and rocks, which were taken out to make room for the tunnel, were carried out through this shaft.

The work was done under the bottom of the river. It looked as if there was nothing between the workmen and the water but a roof of mud. Of course this roof of mud was not strong enough to hold up all the water in the Hudson River that flowed over it. So extra air was pumped into the unfinished tunnels, to press up against the mud roof and keep it from falling down. Under this mud roof, the great iron plates of the tunnel were fastened.

The workmen had to be very careful, for if the tunnel began to leak, there was great danger that the water would rush in and drown them all.

In 1892 one of the two tunnels was nearly finished, and the other tunnel was begun. But after that no more work was done on them for ten years.

Let us imagine that we are taking a trip through one of the tunnels before it was finished. Perhaps we can see for ourselves just how the work was done, far down there in the darkness and the wet and cold.

Wearing high rubber boots, we go down the shaft in the elevator — down, down, down, until the spot of daylight above our heads looks no larger than a sheet of white paper. At the bottom we go through an open door into a room shaped like a big round boiler. At the other end of this room we get into queer little



THE TUBE UNDER THE HUDSON RIVER

The hole shows where the tunnel dug from the New York side met the tunnel from the other side of the river.

cars and are pushed out into the tunnel along a narrow track. Presently we reach another boiler-shaped room.

The door is closed behind us, and we hear a sharp hissing sound. It is the extra air being pumped in. At first it makes you uncomfortable; your head throbs and your ears sing. Then a workman tells you to cough and blow your nose, and you begin to feel better.

At last the door is opened and you are allowed to go still farther into the tunnel. There is as much extra air here as there was in the boiler room, but you are used to it now, and it does not trouble you so

much. There is still another air lock, as these boiler rooms are called, and you must pass through it before you get to the part of the tunnel where the men are working.

By this time, the air is so much heavier than that up in the daylight, that you are not able even to smell or to whistle. Your head feels as big as two or three heads, and as you walk down the tunnel, you feel rather weak.

The workmen had to get used to this strange air, just as you did. It is so hard to work in it that at first a man is allowed to work only four hours a day. Only very strong men are ever allowed to work in the tunnels.

Right ahead of us now is the shield which is cutting the path of the tunnel. It is a great metal plate, just the size of the tunnel itself. In the front of it are many sharp knives, and in the center is a door through which the mud and stones are thrown back into the tunnel. The mud and stones are then loaded on small cars and taken back to the top of the shaft and dumped.

The shield is moved forward very slowly by strong machines. As soon as it has gone forward far enough, the great iron plates of the tunnel are fastened together behind it, under the shelter of its tail. There is no time at all when the mud alone forms the roof of the tunnel.

Sometimes the rocks under the bottom of the river are so large that they must be blasted out. The men open the doors in the shield and drill into the rock. When the powder is in place, the doors are closed, and the workmen go far back into the tunnel. The powder is exploded by electricity. When the machine is cutting through mud, about seven feet of tunnel may be built in a day, but when rock must be blasted, not more than three feet can be finished.

You are not sorry when it is time to turn around and start back. Now, instead of extra air being given you, air is taken away in each air lock. The tunnel is dark and gloomy, and you are glad when finally you reach the shaft and go up the elevator into the sunshine and fresh air.

The tunnel has been finished since 1908. People ride in it with little thought of the labor and hardship it cost to build it. If they could all know something of how the tunnel was built, they would think more often of the faithful men who worked for so many years in order that people might ride quickly and safely under the river.

THE DOLL'S STORY

I AM an unbreakable doll. If you should drop me ever so hard, not even a tiny dent would be found in my head. I belong to a little ten-year-old girl named Alice. I have lived with her ever since her last birthday. From the very first moment she set eyes on me, she loved me and wanted me for her own.

Ah, but Alice little guesses what I have been through to make her happy! Few persons know the history of a doll, for by the time we reach the toy shop, smiling and happy, we look as if nothing had ever happened to us.

Listen and I will tell you a few secrets about myself. There is a whole story back of my hard head.

I began my life in a big, noisy, dirty factory — a very different place from Alice's clean, pretty home. There I spent one long week, while busy workmen made the different parts of my body and passed me from hand to hand. First came my head, the most important and expensive part of me. Glue, flour, and ten or more other things, whose names I do not know, went into the making of it. To look at my pink face, would you believe it?

This mixture was heated in a big boiler for about an hour, until it was soft. Then, after it was taken out, a workman kneaded the mass, just as a baker

kneads bread. Indeed, at that point, I looked much more like a lump of gray dough than like the head of a doll. It was discouraging. How could they ever make anything pretty out of me?

Close by the kneading board were several rows of heavy brass moulds. These were shaped like dolls' heads, but divided into halves, in such a way that they could be opened and closed. Into these moulds the grayish mixture was poured and the two halves were shut together tight. This was to press the dough into shape. If such a thing were ever done to Alice, I am sure it would give her a dreadful headache.

By the time the mould was opened, the lump of dough had become a head. My own head and those of my sister dolls were taken out and placed on a wire tray. Then the moulds were filled with dough again.

As other heads were placed near ours, those which came out of my mould looked just like me. Others were different. After I had eyes to see for myself, I was glad this was so, for while it was pleasant to have several twin sisters, it would never do to look like every other doll in the world.

My head was still rather soft. In fact, it took three whole days for it to harden. Had the weather been warm, it would have taken even longer. There were many rough places that had to be smoothed, especially where the two parts of the mould came together and the dough had oozed out. Such a trimming and scrap-

ing and rubbing as followed! One man took a sharp knife to my poor head, another held it against a swiftly moving wheel, while a third smoothed it with sand-paper.

“What next?” I said to myself.

You must remember that all this time I was very homely. Really, you could hardly expect anybody to be pretty with a dull gray complexion. But the day came when all this was changed. Suddenly, before I knew what was going to happen, somebody's hands picked up my head and thrust it into a pail of warm pink glue. It was taken out dripping wet, along with many other heads, and placed on a board to drain. We all looked as if we were crying, only the tears that rolled down our cheeks were pink tears.

There was a wait of another day before we were ready to have anything else done to us. They placed our heads on some tall drying racks. We were arranged in rows, a short distance apart. A hundred neighbors must have been on my rack.

While our heads had been going through all the changes I have been telling you about, the lower parts of our arms and legs had also been moulded and dipped and dried in much the same way. There were many dozens of them.

While my pink complexion was much prettier than my gray one, I still had to be touched up before I looked like a real doll. One of the workmen gave me

some lovely rosy cheeks by spraying a deep pink liquid right in my face. He then sprayed some light brown on the upper and back parts of my head and, if you please, I had hair!

Ah, but the best part of it all was when I reached the point where I could see. My eyes were painted in by a lady who used a fine brush — first the whites of the eyes, then the blue part, and, last of all, the little round black pupil in the center.

Some of my sister dolls were given brown eyes, but I was satisfied. I liked my own blue ones better. How good it seemed to see what was going on in the world after my long blindness!

My face was finished by having my eyebrows and lips painted, and also two little dots of red to make my nose look more natural.

While I thought my head had had a hard enough time, it was nothing to what my poor body had to go through in another room. It was cut out of cloth, together with the upper parts of my arms and legs, and was stitched on a sewing machine over in a corner. Click, click, click! That was the busiest machine you ever saw. The man who ran it piled up hundreds of arms and legs in almost no time.

The stuffing came next. Our bodies, legs, and arms were filled with fine excelsior. This work was done by several men and boys who sat at a table across the room. Soon we were as solid as any one could wish.

Up to this time, I was scattered all over the factory. Just think of it! To see big baskets filled with nothing but arms, and other baskets piled high with legs, and not to know which arms and which legs were going to belong to me! At last, however, I was put together. My limbs were finished at the ends so that no filling could escape, and the two parts of each leg and arm were firmly glued together.

The next man who picked me up made me shiver. He thrust a strong wire through my two legs and the lower part of my body and snipped off the end of the wire. The same thing was done to my arms. It was over in a moment. I forgave him at once, for it was almost as good to have leg and shoulder joints as to have eyes.

After my head and body were fastened together, I was very happy. Then I began to take some interest in my clothes. Dozens of tiny patterns were hung up on nails, and the room looked for all the world like a real dressmaker's shop. The man who did the cutting stood at a long table with a fierce-looking pair of shears in his hand. Snip, snip, snip! Pink, blue, and white cloth, pretty checks and dainty stripes soon began to look like dresses. When a woman at a machine had finished them, they were all ready to be put on.

Another woman dressed me.

"How happy you must be," thought I, as I looked



up into her face, "to have nothing to do but dress dolls from morning till night."

She looked a bit tired, though, rather than happy. Alice looks very different when *she* dresses me.

My slippers and stockings were put on last, and then I was ready to go out into the world. With me were sister dolls of all kinds — yes, and a few

brothers, too. There were nurses in white caps and aprons, baby dolls in long white dresses, Red Riding-Hoods, Indian girls, sailors, farmer boys, and baseball players.

I was carefully packed in a box with other dolls, placed on a heavy wagon, and carried to a tall building. I remained in a big room until a dealer bought me and took me to a bright, pretty toy-shop. It was there that Alice's mother found me and took me home for her little girl.

You see that though I am very young, I have lived through a great deal in my short life. As I said in the first place, our little girl mothers have no idea how we have to be pressed and dipped and stuffed and sewed before we get to them. Yet as long as they care for us, we do not mind. If we make them happy, is it not worth while?

THE LOST DOLL

“I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

“I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled,
Yet for old sake’s sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.”

CHARLES KINGSLEY

THE BOYHOOD OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

GEORGE WASHINGTON belonged to a fine old Virginia family. They had come to America from England soon after this country was first settled. They quickly made themselves at home here and did all they could to make our country great and prosperous.

The men of the Washington family and many other settlers in the South were known as “gentlemen.” This does not mean that they were idle, or afraid to work with their hands. It means that they were brought up carefully, were well educated, and were taught to be kind and polite to others.

Little George Washington must have had the very best kind of training. Like all boys, he had faults, but he was expected to overcome them, and that made it easier for him to do so.

For one thing, he had a quick temper. Yet he

learned to control it. When he felt like giving way to it, he probably thought, "The men of my family would not do such a thing. I must not." In the same way, when other faults needed to be corrected, he said to himself, "I must never forget that I am a gentleman."

George Washington's boyhood was spent in Virginia. The big country place which belonged to his father was called a plantation. Here the boy lived out of doors a great deal, fishing, hunting, and tramping.

It was a very different life from that which most American boys lead to-day. George had no near neighbors for playmates. His best friend and playmate was Richard Henry Lee, who in time became a great Virginian, too. The two boys often sent letters to each other. Here is a letter that Richard wrote George when the boys were nine years old:

To GEORGE WASHINGTON:

Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures. He got them in Alexandria; they have pictures of dogs and cats and tigers and elephants and ever so many pretty things.

Cousin bids me send you one of them. It has a picture of an elephant and a little Indian boy on his back like Uncle Jo's Sam. Pa says if I learn my tasks well, he will let Uncle Jo take me to see you. Will you ask your ma to let you come to see me?

RICHARD HENRY LEE

And this is George Washington's reply:

DEAR DICKEY:

I thank you very much for the pretty picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it; and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back and would not let anybody touch his master's little son.

I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word.

Ma says I may go to see you, and stay all day with you next week if it be not rainy.

She says I may ride my pony, Hero, if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero.

I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, but I mustn't tell you who wrote the poetry.

G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.,
And likes his book full well,
Henceforth will count him his friend,
And hopes many happy days he may spend.

Your good friend,

GEORGE WASHINGTON

When George Washington was a boy, there were only a few schools. There were no large classes like those in so many of the public schools now. Instead, a few

children came together for study, some of them riding from long distances.

When George Washington was eleven years old, he had to make his home with an older brother several miles away so that he could go to school. At that time, the state did not educate its young people. Parents had to pay schoolmasters for their work.

At school, George Washington used copy-books. In these he wrote what were called "rules of conduct," which the grown-up persons of that day thought boys and girls should learn. One of the copy-books contained one hundred and ten rules. They were written in such clear large letters that nobody had trouble reading them. The sentences may sound a little queer and old-fashioned to us to-day, but we must remember that these rules helped to make Washington the great man he afterwards became. Here are some of them:

Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

Make no show of taking great delight in your food; lean not on the table; neither find fault with what you eat.



GEORGE WASHINGTON
From the Painting by John Faed

Be not angry at table, whatever happens; if you have reason to be so, show it not; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers.

Think before you speak: pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

When you speak of God, let it be seriously, in reverence. Honor and obey your parents, although they be poor.

Undertake not what you cannot do; be careful to keep your promise.

When George Washington was sixteen years old, he was given a chance to do some interesting work for a neighbor, Lord Fairfax. This gentleman owned a large tract of land in Virginia, but he knew very little about this land.

He needed a person to survey it — that is, to go over all of it carefully and find out exactly what mountains, meadows, woods, and streams it contained. It did not take him long to decide upon his sober, careful young neighbor, George Washington. "I can trust him," he said. It turned out so, for years afterward a lawyer who went over the same land said, "The surveys of Washington are the only ones we can depend upon."

In later years, Washington had a far bigger task to do. This time the work was for his country.

Somebody was needed to take charge of the American army during the Revolution. No better man than Washington could be found.

Some men in his place might have said, "Why should I give up my comfortable home for this work? I have everything to lose and nothing to gain." Washington said nothing of the kind, for he had learned the meaning of the word *service*.

So the boy who had controlled his temper became the great soldier with the cool head. The young surveyor whom Lord Fairfax had trusted won the trust of a nation. He who had been brought up by Virginia gentlemen proved himself one of the finest gentlemen in the world.

Every American to-day is proud to call the dignified, courteous first President of the United States "the Father of our Country."



ABRAHAM LINCOLN
From the Statue by Augustus St. Gaudens

THE BOYHOOD OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE boyhood of Abraham Lincoln was like, in one way, that of George Washington. He, too, lived in the country, far away from big cities. Like the young Virginian, he led an outdoor life and grew to be a strong, healthy man.

There were many differences, however, in the lives of the two boys. George Washington's parents were well-to-do; Abraham Lincoln's father and mother were very poor. The Washingtons lived in a large roomy house; the Lincoln home was only a rough log cabin in the forests of Kentucky. The planter's son had time for study and pleasure; the woodman's boy had to work hard every day.

When Abraham Lincoln was seven years old, his father moved to Indiana. At first the family lived in a shed built on poles. It took time to cut down enough trees to build a better home.

Abraham shared all of his father's work that he could. Even when he was a small boy, he learned to use an ax and to help with the planting. When he was not busy outside, he was helping his mother indoors. There was always something for him to do.

His mother died when he was very young. A new mother came into their home later, and he gave her the same love and obedience he had given his own.

She once said, "Abraham was never cross. He always did willingly whatever I asked him to do." When the boy became a great man, he never forgot the kindly woman who had done so much for him.

Abraham Lincoln was not able to go to school, as George Washington had done. He could not be spared from home much of the time. Besides, schools were scarce in the Kentucky and Indiana woods. He had less than a year's schooling in his whole life, though he attended five different schools. Do you wonder that he used to say he was educated "by littles"?

He soon saw that if he was to know anything at all, he should have to depend largely upon himself. His mother had taught him to read, so that he could understand and enjoy books. But where could he get the books to read? That was a big question. There were no libraries, and the nearest neighbor who owned books lived miles away. Still, the boy was so eager to learn that he cheerfully walked the distance after his day's work was over.

An accident once happened to one of the books he borrowed. He had promised the man who loaned it to him that he would be very careful of it. He meant to be careful, but one night it rained. The water falling through the leaky roof soaked the book which lay by the boy's bed. It was almost ruined.

"You will have to work three days for me to pay

for the book," said the owner of the book, when he heard the story.

"And then may I keep it?" the boy asked.

"Yes," was the answer.

Do you know why Abraham was so anxious to have the wrinkled, spoiled book for his very own? It was the life of George Washington, and he wanted to read again and again about the great American.

Most of his studying was done during the long winter evenings before the open fireplace. The light from the burning wood took the place of lamps or candles. Instead of pencil and paper, he used bits of charcoal and a rough wooden shovel. When he had covered the shovel with figures or letters, he scraped it clean and began all over again.

Early in his life, Abraham Lincoln became known as "Honest Abe." One day, when he was working in a grocery store, he charged a woman six cents more than he should have done. He did not discover the mistake until after she had gone. Though she lived two miles away, he returned the money before he went to bed that night.

Another time he found that he had used the wrong weight in weighing some tea for a customer. He had given her less than she had paid for. He shut up the store, walked to her home, and corrected his mistake. It was because he was faithful in small things that he was trusted in big matters.

You may think that there was much hardship in Abraham Lincoln's boyhood. It is true that he went without things, and had to work hard for the little he did have. Yet his struggles helped to make him the wonderful man he became. They taught him to be simple, humble, and kind. He remained so, and that is why to-day we honor him.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith to the end do our duty as we understand it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

THE old town of Concord, Massachusetts, is famous for many reasons. Boys and girls remember it because it was the home of Louisa May Alcott, who wrote *Little Women*, *Little Men*, and many other good stories.

Louisa was only eight years old when her parents moved from Boston to a house in Concord which she tells us about, as Meg's first home, in *Little Women*: "It was a tiny house, with a little garden behind, and a lawn about as big as a pocket-handkerchief in front. But inside it was altogether charming. To be sure, the hall was so narrow, it was fortunate that they had no piano, for one never could have been got in whole; the dining-room was so small that six people were a tight fit."

But though the house was tiny, there was a roomy old barn which was the children's delight. Louisa, or "Jo," as every reader of *Little Women* knows, was the second of four sisters. Anna was the oldest, and Lizzie came next to Louisa, while May was the baby of the family. In her stories, Miss Alcott has called the girls Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy. These four soon found playmates in the three children of the famous Emerson, and in the son and daughters of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who wrote the *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*.

One cold morning the sisters found in the garden a half-starved bird, which they warmed and fed. Louisa, who was then eight years old, wrote a poem about their small visitor, which made her mother say: "You will grow up to be a Shakespeare!" Here is the little verse:

TO THE FIRST ROBIN

Welcome, welcome, little stranger,
Fear no harm, and fear no danger;
We are glad to see you here,
For you sing "Sweet Spring is near."

Now the white snow melts away,
Now the flowers blossom gay;
Come, dear bird, and build your nest,
For we love our Robin best.

All four children in the Alcott family were fond of acting, and Louisa began to write plays when she was a very little girl. With the help of their friends, they turned the old barn into a theater, where they had many a lively frolic. When Louisa was grown up, she wrote of the good times in this barn. She said; "Plays in the barn were a favorite amusement. Our giant came tumbling off a loft when Jack cut down the squash-vine running up a ladder to represent the bean. Cinderella rolled away in a vast pumpkin, and a long black pudding was lowered to fasten itself on the nose of the woman who wasted her three wishes."

Another game you may read about for yourselves in *Little Men*. "I play (says Demi to his friend Dan) that my mind is a round room, and my soul is a little sort of creature with wings, that lives in it. The walls are full of shelves and drawers, and in them I keep my thoughts, and my goodness and badness, and all sorts of things. The goods I keep where I can see them, and the bads I lock up tight, but they get out, and I have to keep putting them in and squeezing them down, they are so strong. The thoughts I play with when I am alone or in bed, and I make up and do what I like with them.

"Every Sunday I put my room in order, and talk with the little spirit that lives there, and tell him what to do. He is very bad sometimes, and won't mind me, and I have to scold him, and take him to



LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

Grandpa. He always makes him behave, and be sorry for his faults, because Grandpa likes the play, and gives me nice things to put in the drawers, and tells me how to shut up the naughties."

Louisa, who was usually bright and happy, seems to have found her "bads" rather hard to manage at times, for she says in her Journal:

"*Sept. 1st. 1843.* I felt sad because I have been cross to-day, and did not mind Mother. I cried, and then I felt better, and said that piece, 'I must not tease my Mother.'"

“Sunday, 24th. I was cross to-day, and cried when I went to bed. I made good resolutions, and felt better in my heart. If only I *kept* all I make, I should be the best girl in the world. But I don’t, and so am very bad.”

“Thursday, 29th. Father asked us in the eve what fault troubled us most. I said my bad temper.”

“January, 1845, Friday. I got angry and called Anna mean. Father told me to look up the word in the Dic., and it meant ‘base.’ I was so ashamed to have called my dear sister that, and I cried over my bad tongie and temper.”

“Wednesday. I am so cross I wish I had never been born.”

In all her struggles, however, Louisa had one friend who never failed her. That was her mother. One day she found this note in her Journal:

“MY DEAREST LOUY,—I often peep into your diary, hoping to see some record of more happy days. ‘Hope, and keep busy,’ dear daughter, and in all trouble come freely to your
MOTHER.”

To which the little girl added these words:

“DEAR MOTHER,—You *shall* see more happy days, and I *will* come to you with my worries, for you are the best woman in the world.

L. M. A.”

When Louisa was thirteen, the family moved from the "Dove-cote," as they called the cottage, to a larger house known as "Hillside." Her early playmate, Julian Hawthorne, said it looked like a big brick chimney with four large rooms and an attic built around it, and a kitchen tacked on behind. It stood close to the highway, and behind it rose a steep hill. In front, across the road, was a broad meadow with a brook running through it.

It was here that Louisa passed her girlhood, of which she has told us so much in *Little Women*. And it was about this time that she wrote these words in her Journal:

HILLSIDE

"*March, 1846.* — I have at last got the little room I have wanted so long, and am very happy about it. It does me good to be alone, and Mother has made it very pretty and neat for me. My work-basket and desk are by the window, and my closet is full of dried herbs that smell very nice. The door that opens into the garden will be very pretty in summer, and I can run off to the woods when I like.

"I have made a plan for my life, as I am in my teens, and no more a child. I am old for my age, and don't care much for girls' things. People think I'm wild and queer; but Mother understands and helps me. I have not told any one about my plan; but

I'm going to *be* good. I've made so many resolutions, and written sad notes and cried over my sins, and it doesn't seem to do any good! Now I'm going to *work really*, for I feel a true desire to improve, and be a help and comfort, not a care and sorrow, to my dear Mother."

THE SONG OF PIPPA

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

ROBERT BROWNING

A LETTER TO GERTIE FROM PHILLIPS
BROOKS

GRAND HOTEL, VIENNA,
November 19, 1882

Very Private!!

DEAR GERTIE, —

This letter is a secret between you and me. If you tell anybody about it, I will not speak to you all this winter. And this is what it is about.

You know Christmas is coming, and I am afraid that I shall not get home by that time. So I want you to go and get the Christmas presents for the children. The grown people will not get any from me this year. But I do not want the children to go without, so you must find out, in the most secret way, just what Agnes and Toodie would most like to have, and get it and put it in their stockings on Christmas Eve.

Then you must ask yourself what you want, but without letting yourself know about it, and get it too, and put it in your own stocking, and be very much surprised when you find it there. And then you must sit down and think about Josephine De Wolf and the other baby at Springfield, whose name I do not know, and consider what they would like, and have it sent to them in time to reach them on Christmas Eve.

Will you do this for me? You can spend five dollars for each child. If you show your father this letter, he will give you the money out of some of mine which he has. That rather breaks the secret, but you will want to consult your father and mother about what to get, especially for the Springfield children; so you may tell them about it, but do not dare to let any of the children know of it until Christmas time. Then you can tell me in your Christmas letter just how you have managed about it all.

This has taken up almost all my letter, and so I cannot tell you much about Vienna. Well, there is not a great deal to tell. It is an immense great city with very splendid houses and beautiful pictures and fine shops and handsome people.

Perhaps you will get this on Thanksgiving Day. If you do, you must shake the turkey's paw for me, and tell him that I am very sorry I could not come this year, but I shall be there next year certain! Give my love to all the children. I had a beautiful letter from Aunt Susan the other day, which I am going to answer as soon as it stops raining. Tell her so, if you see her. Be a good girl, and do not study too hard, and keep our secret.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS

CLEMENT C. MOORE

WHEN New York was young and much smaller than it is to-day, there was a neat little village north of it called Chelsea. Here lived a family by the name of Moore. We might really call them the "makers of Chelsea."

In time, the pretty village was swallowed up by the growing city, but there still remains a spot which reminds us of the early family. It is the green square known as Chelsea Square, once a lot of land belonging to Clement C. Moore. He generously gave it to the General Theological Seminary. To-day young men are still taught in the stately buildings of this seminary.

Mr. Moore was a professor in Columbia College. He taught Greek, Hebrew, and other serious subjects. He also wrote and published books. What they were about, few persons can tell to-day. It is doubtful if very many even know about the gift of Chelsea Square.

There is something else, however, which Clement Moore did that is not forgotten. People everywhere — both in and out of New York — have heard his bright little poem for children, beginning "'Twas the night before Christmas." These merry lines were put on paper for the little ones of his own family, but many other children have claimed them for their own. So

Clement Moore has been called the "Children's Christmas Poet," and his poem is a Christmas gift to all children. Some Christmas presents do not last very long, but this one has lasted many, many Christmases.

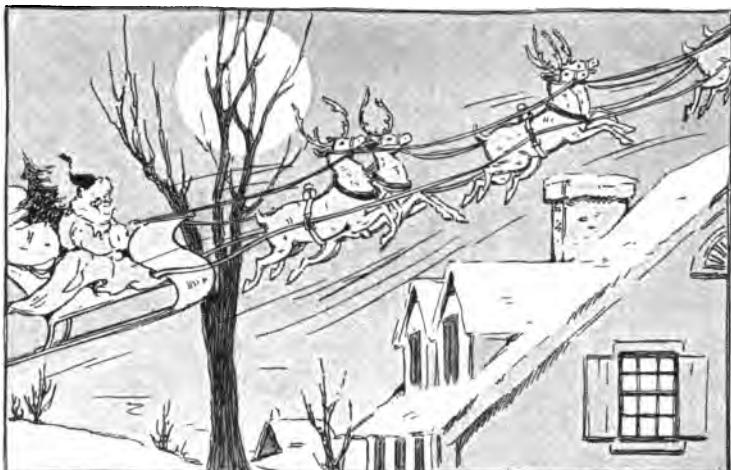
In New York there is a pretty custom of honoring Mr. Moore every Christmas morning. Children visit his grave and sing Christmas carols there. They also decorate it with a wreath or star of evergreen and holly berries. It is always a happy service. People in the neighborhood join in the carols, while busy squirrels scamper about looking for their Christmas breakfast.

Perhaps the wise professor used to hope that his fame would rest on his books or that people would give him a thought as they passed Chelsea Square. If so, he might be disappointed if he were alive to-day. But in the hearts of hundreds of children, his memory is still kept green because of the pleasure he has given them by his Christmas poem.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;



The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of midday to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.

More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by
name:

“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,
Now dash away, dash away, dash away, all!”
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.—
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound;
He was dressed all in furs from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes — how they twinkled! his dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all; and to all a good-night!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE

CHRISTMAS IN MANY LANDS

ABOUT the middle of December each year, the stores everywhere hang up decorations of bright red and green. In front of grocery stores and florists' shops, evergreen trees are piled high for sale. The streets are crowded with hurrying people, carrying bundles. Day by day the bustle increases. Finally December 25th arrives — the great day for which all the preparation has been made.

Here in America most people think of Christmas as a day to give and receive presents. Many go to church, and all who can do so, enjoy the holiday feast and fun.

Many countries of Europe have quite different ways of keeping the holiday. In France and in Italy, for instance, Christmas Day is hardly celebrated at all. With the French and the Italian people, the night of December 24th, Christmas Eve, is the great time. Then the streets are crowded with people, singing and dancing as they move about, many of them wearing masks. At midnight all except the very smallest children go to church. Afterward they go home to a feast which lasts a long time — so long that the sleepy children are carried off to bed before it is over. Christmas Day is usually spent in making visits to relatives.

Perhaps no other people in the world love Christmas so much as the Germans do. No German stays away from home on that day if he can possibly help it. We owe our Christmas tree with its gay ornaments and bright lights to the Germans, for they were the first people to celebrate the day in this way. Many who visited Germany liked the idea so well that they adopted it in their own homes. Now the lighted tree is a part of Christmas in almost every country.

The Germans have a pretty custom of putting the Christmas tree in the window so that whoever passes in the street may see it. But there are not many people on the street Christmas Eve, for nearly every one stays at home to enjoy a tree of his own. Very few people are too poor or too lonely to have one. Sometimes the "tree" is hardly bigger than a twig, decorated only with bits of gilt paper, and lighted with a single candle; but the German enjoys it just the same.

German families always spend Christmas Day together, exchanging presents, visiting, and feasting. An important part of the feast is a big flat ginger cake, smooth and shiny on top, and decorated with pink and white frosting, almonds, and raisins.

In England, Christmas is a day for church-going and feasting. In the country, on the day before Christmas the young people of the family go to the woods and bring home a very large log of wood, which

is known as the yule-log. This is put into the fireplace and decorated with holly and evergreens. In the evening all the family gather around, and sing carols and tell stories while the yule-log burns. Usually the whole family goes to church on Christmas morning, and then comes home to a fine dinner. There is roast goose, instead of turkey, and every family, big or little, has a plum pudding. In some of the big country houses the Christmas dishes are carried around the table in a procession by men in old-fashioned costumes. There are little pigs roasted whole, boars' heads, huge chicken pies, big round puddings, and roasts of beef.

The Russians keep their Christmas on January 7th, about two weeks later than we have our Christmas. They have many Christmas customs like those of other lands. In the cities, many people have lighted trees, as the Germans do. There is much feasting and merrymaking, as in England, and much masking in the streets, as in France. On Christmas Eve the streets of the cities and villages are filled with gay crowds, usually masked, who go from house to house and sing in front of each house until the owner comes out and gives them presents of candies or a few pennies.

In many of the small villages, there are feasts at the churches or in large halls. Every one gives something, and every one in the town, rich or poor, goes there for his Christmas dinner. There is always a

big round pudding made of rice and raisins and preserved fruits, that looks like the English plum pudding, though it does not taste like it.

In parts of Hungary, and in other countries of southern Europe, Christmas is celebrated, as in Russia, on January 7th. These people have strange beliefs about Christmas. They believe, for instance, that at midnight on Christmas Eve all the cattle in the stables fall on their knees. Of course, none of them has ever really seen such a thing, but they believe it just the same.

On Christmas morning in the country, the whole family takes bowls of salt and bread crumbs and grain, and visits all the stables and chicken houses. Every horse, cow, pig, chicken, and every other animal on the place is given a Christmas treat. If any animal refuses to eat the offering, the people are greatly worried, for fear the refusal will bring them bad luck. After the animals have been fed, the family goes back to the house and has a feast of cold meats, puddings, fancy cakes, and dried fruits.

Even here in the United States, Christmas is not observed in the same way everywhere. In the Southern states the people celebrate with fireworks, as if it were the Fourth of July. In some parts of the South, the whole week from Christmas to New Year's is a holiday, and no one works.

In Boston there is a pretty custom of placing lighted

candles in the windows on Christmas Eve. Often as many as a dozen are set up in each window of the house. The choirs of some of the churches go about singing Christmas carols, and the streets are crowded with people, looking at the decorations, listening to the carols, and often joining in the singing.

New York City started the custom of the outdoor Christmas tree in the United States. The first city tree, fifty feet high, was set up in Madison Square on Christmas Eve, 1912, and people gathered about the tree to sing Christmas songs. The idea was liked so much that the custom has spread until now many cities and towns in the United States have outdoor trees on Christmas Eve.



TOM THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP

PART I

ONCE upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep named Tom. He lived in a great town in the north country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep.

Tom could not read nor write, and did not care to do either. He never washed himself, for there was no water where he lived. He had never been taught to say his prayers.

He cried half his time and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark chimneys and got the soot into his eyes, which he did every day in the week. He cried when his master beat him, which he did every day in the week. He cried when he had not enough to eat, which happened every day in the week.

And he laughed the other half of the day, when he was tossing pennies with the boys, or playing leapfrog over the posts, or rolling stones at horses as they trotted by.

One day a smart little groom rode into the court where Tom lived. He had come to ask Mr. Grimes to go the next morning to his master, Sir John Harthover's house, for the chimneys needed sweeping.

Now Mr. Grimes, who was Tom's master, was so delighted at this new customer that he was up at four

o'clock the next morning. He tried to impress upon Tom that he must be an extra good boy that day, as they were going to a very great house, and might make a very good thing of it, if they gave satisfaction.

So Grimes and Tom set out early next morning. Grimes rode the donkey in front, while Tom and the brushes walked behind.

They passed through the village and through the turnpike, and then they were out in the real country on the black dusty road.

On they went. Tom longed to get over the gate and pick buttercups and look for birds' nests; but Grimes was a man of business and would not hear of that.

Soon they came up to a poor Irishwoman, with a bundle on her back. She had a gray shawl over her head and she wore a red petticoat. She had neither shoes nor stockings, and limped along as if she were tired. She was a tall, handsome woman, with bright gray eyes and heavy black hair hanging about her cheeks. She walked beside Tom and talked to him, and asked him where he lived and what he knew and all about himself. Tom thought he had never met such a pleasant-spoken woman.

Then Tom asked her where she lived, and she said far away by the sea. He asked her about the sea, and she told him how it rolled and roared over the rocks on winter nights and how it lay still on bright summer

days for the children to bathe and play in. Tom longed to go to the sea and to bathe in it.

At last at the bottom of a hill they came to a stream of clear water. Tom ran down to the stream and began washing his face. "Come along," said Grimes. "What do you want with washing yourself?"

"Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be, and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be," said the Irishwoman. "You will see me again." And she turned away.

Tom rushed after her, shouting, "Come back!" But when he got into the meadow, the woman was not there.

When Grimes and Tom had gone three miles and more, they came to a long avenue of trees. Tom had never seen such great trees, and as he looked up he thought that the blue sky rested on their heads. When they came to the fine old house, he wondered how many chimneys it had.

The housekeeper met them and gave the orders to Grimes as if he, and not Tom, were going up the chimneys. Grimes listened and said every now and then under his breath, "Mind that, you little beggar."

Then the housekeeper took them into a fine room, all covered with sheets and brown paper, and bade them begin. After a whimper or two and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney.

How many chimneys he swept I cannot say, but he swept so many that he got very tired and lost his way in them. He came down the wrong chimney and found himself standing on a rug, in a room the like of which he had never seen before.

He looked about. The room was all in white. There were white window-curtains, white bed-curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with a little pink here and there. The carpet was gay with little flowers and the wall was hung with pictures.

The next thing he saw was a washstand, with soap, brushes, and towels, and a large bathtub full of clean water. "She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "to want so much scrubbing as all that."

Then looking toward the bed, he saw that dirty lady. He held his breath with astonishment at the sight.

Under the snow-white cover, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl Tom had ever seen. He looked at her pretty skin and golden hair, and wondered whether she were a real live person or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. When he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and he stood staring at her as if she had been an angel.

"She cannot be dirty. She never could have been dirty," thought Tom to himself. Then he thought, "Are all people like that when they are washed?" He

looked at his own wrist and tried to rub away the soot and wondered whether it would come off.

He looked around and saw, standing close to him, a little ragged boy. "What are you doing here?" he cried. Then he knew that it was himself in a great mirror.

He burst into tears and turned to go up the chimney again and hide, but he upset the fender and threw the fire irons down with a noise as of ten thousand tin kettles tied to ten thousand dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed and, seeing Tom, screamed. The old nurse rushed in from the next room and, seeing Tom, thought that he had come to rob. She dashed at him and caught him by the jacket, but she did not hold him. He doubled under the good woman's arm and was out of the window in a moment.

The gardener saw him and gave chase to poor Tom. The dairymaid heard the noise and jumped up, spilling all the cream, yet she gave chase to Tom. Grimes upset the soot sack, but he ran out and gave chase. The plowman left his horses and gave chase. The Irishwoman saw Tom and she, throwing away her bundle, gave chase, too.

Such a noise and hullabaloo as there was! Grimes, the gardener, the dairymaid, the plowman, and the Irishwoman, all ran up the park, shouting, "Stop, thief!" One might have thought that Tom had at

least a thousand pounds' worth of jewels in his empty pockets. Even the birds followed him, screeching and screaming.

Tom made for the woods. The boughs laid hold of his legs and arms, poked him in the face, and made him shut his eyes tight. "I must get out of this," thought Tom, "or they will catch me."

Suddenly he ran his head against a wall. Up he went and over it like a squirrel. There he was, out on the green field. He ran along beside the wall for nearly half a mile.

Grimes and the gardener and the plowman and the dairymaid went on half a mile in the opposite direction.

But the Irishwoman had seen which way Tom went. So she went over the wall and followed him.

PART II

Little Tom stared about the strange place. It was like a new world to him. He saw great spiders, with crowns and crosses on their backs, sitting in the middle of their webs. He saw lizards, brown and gray and green, and he thought they were snakes and would sting him; but they were as much frightened as he was.

Tom went on and on, he hardly knew why; but he liked the great strange place and the cool fresh air.

"What a big place the world is!" he said. Below



him, far below him, he could see dark woods and great plains and farms and villages.

Then, much nearer, he saw the roof of a little cottage, and near it a stream. As Tom looked, he saw a woman in a red petticoat. Perhaps she would give him something to eat.

Tom thought he could get down to the cottage in five minutes; so down, down he went. But he was wrong about the five minutes, for the cottage was more than a mile off, and a good thousand feet below.

At last, however, he came into a narrow road, and up to the cottage door. Such a pleasant cottage it was!

The children who were playing in the yard started at Tom's dirty, black figure. The girls began to cry, and the boys began to laugh. Tom was too tired to care.

"What art thou, and what dost want?" cried the old dame. "A chimney-sweep! Away with thee. I'll have no sweeps here."

"Water," said poor little Tom, quite faint.

"Water? There's plenty in the brook," she said, sharply.

"But I can't get there." And Tom sank down upon the doorstep and laid his head against the post.

The old dame looked at him through her spectacles one minute, and two, and three, and then she said, "He's sick."

"Water," said Tom.

She put by her spectacles, and rose and came to Tom. "Water's bad for thee; I'll give thee milk." And she went off into the next room and brought a cup of milk and a bit of bread.

Tom drank the milk off quickly, and then looked up, revived.

"Where didst come from?" said the dame.

"Over there," said Tom, and pointed up into the sky.

"Over Harthover? Art sure thou art not lying?"

"Why should I?" said Tom, and he leaned his head against the post. He was so tired and sad that he

had no heart or time to think of a story, so he told all the truth in a few words.

“Bless thy little heart! And thou hast not been stealing then?”

“No.”

“Why dost not eat thy bread?”

“I can’t.”

“It’s good enough, for I made it myself.”

“I can’t,” said Tom, and he laid his head on his knees, and then asked, — “Is it Sunday?”

“No. Why should it be?”

“Because I hear the church bells ringing so.”

“Bless thy pretty heart! The bairn’s sick. Come with me. If thou wert a bit cleaner, I’d put thee in my own bed. But come along here.”

When Tom tried to get up, he was so tired and giddy that she had to help him and lead him. She put him upon soft sweet hay and an old rug, and bade him sleep off his walk, and she would come to him in an hour’s time.

So she went in again, expecting Tom to fall fast asleep at once. But Tom did not fall asleep. Instead, he turned and tossed and kicked about in the strangest way, and felt so hot all over that he longed to get into the river and cool himself.

Then he fell half asleep, and dreamed that he heard the Irishwoman saying, “Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be.”

All of a sudden he found himself, not on the hay, but in the middle of a meadow, over the road, with a stream just before him. He was saying again and again, "I must be clean, I must be clean."

He had come there on his own legs, between sleeping and waking, as children will often get out of bed and go about the room, when they are not quite well. But he was not a bit surprised, and went on to the bank of the brook, and lay down on the grass, and looked into the clear water.

Every pebble was bright and clean, and the silver trout dashed off in fright at the sight of his black face. Tom dipped his hand in and felt it cooled, and said, "I will be a fish, I will swim in the water. I must be clean, I must be clean."

He put his hot sore feet into the water, then his legs, and then he went far in. "Ah," said Tom, "I must be quick and wash myself."

All the while Tom never saw the Irishwoman coming down behind him. She, too, stepped into the cool water. Her shawl and her petticoat faded away; the green water-weeds and the white water-lilies floated around her. The fairies of the stream came up from the bottom and carried her down in their arms, for she was their queen.

"Where have you been?" they asked her.

"I have been nursing sick folks, and whispering sweet dreams into their ears. I have been doing all

that I can to help those who will not help themselves; and I have brought you a little brother."

Then all the fairies laughed for joy. But the fairy queen said, "He is a little savage now, like the beasts, and from the beasts he must learn. So you must not play with him, nor speak to him, nor let him see you. You must only keep him from harm."

Then the fairies were sad because they could not play with their new brother, but they always did as they were told. And the queen floated down the river.

All this Tom, of course, never heard. Perhaps if he had, it would have made little difference.

He tumbled himself into the clear, cool stream. He had not been in it two minutes before he fell fast asleep, and dreamed about the green meadows and the elm trees and the sleeping cows. When he awoke, he was swimming about in the stream.

He was only four inches long now, and he had a set of gills round his neck, for the fairies had turned him into a water baby.

Arranged from CHARLES KINGSLEY'S *The Water Babies*

This story of "Tom the Chimney-Sweep" is only an introduction to a beautiful fairy tale, *The Water Babies*, which tells of Tom's strange adventures as a water baby.

Mr. Kingsley wrote the tale for his four-year-old son. One morning at breakfast the boy reminded

his father that the older children had their books, but that he did not have the story his father had promised to write for him.

Mr. Kingsley made no answer. He got up at once and went to his study, locking the door. In an hour he came back, bringing in his hand the story of "Tom the Chimney-Sweep," the first chapter of *The Water Babies*, written exactly as it stands. With the same speed and ease, Mr. Kingsley wrote the whole book that has made so many children happy.

BATHS AND BATHING

IMAGINE for a moment that you are living in Rome fifteen centuries ago. As you walk through the beautiful streets of the Italian city, you see here and there fine marble buildings, as beautiful as libraries and art museums. You wonder what they can be.

Men are passing in and out of them. Some stop for a few minutes to chat with friends. You hear one say, "Going to the baths?" "Have you just come from the baths?" asks another. You understand, then, what the costly marble buildings are — the public baths of Rome. There are over eight hundred of them, and one building has as many as sixteen hundred rooms!

You don't need to be told that the Romans believed in bathing. Old and young, rich and poor

alike, had the habit of cleanliness. They took baths often, not because the baths cost nothing or the state made them do so, but because they realized how very important it is to be clean. They had learned that *clean* bodies have a great deal to do with *healthy* bodies.

Rome was wise and so was Greece. In that country, also, there were public baths. The whole world knows that no finer race of men ever lived than the ancient Greeks. A great number of them were athletes. Had this anything to do with bathing? A great deal. If the Greeks hadn't cared to have clean bodies, it isn't likely they would have cared to develop strong bodies.

We sometimes think that the public baths in the United States are quite new. But you see that the old Greeks and Romans were ahead of us by several hundred years.

Other nations of Europe, also, furnished public baths for their people before we did. It was not until 1893 that our country followed in their footsteps. It was high time that we caught up with the others!

The first free American public baths were opened in Chicago. The people of that city were ready and eager for them. When seventeen had been started, it was found that six hundred thousand men, women, boys, and girls had used them in one year.

The first public bathhouse in New York was built in Rivington Street. It was just as welcome to the

families of the neighborhood as the first one had been to the people of Chicago.

Those were wrong who said, "The people will not bathe." Every morning, at the opening hour, a long line of people may be seen in front of the Rivington Street Bath, eager to be the first ones in. Every evening at the closing hour there are many dis-



appointed faces of those who come "too late." In the hot summer months, from three thousand to thirty-five hundred people go there every day.

Does it seem a strange thing that a city should provide good bathing places for its citizens? It is true that there ought to be a good bathing place in every home, and, perhaps, in years to come, there will be.

At present, however, in the crowded sections of our

large cities, many families have to go outside the home for the right kind of bath. And just as it is the duty of a mother to see that her boys and girls are kept clean, so it is the city's duty to do the same thing for her citizens.

In a way, every city is a parent to the people who live within its borders, even though sometimes it has over a million children. It talks like this to its big family: "Now I must be a good parent to you all. I will give you clean, pure water to drink. I will take care of your garbage and clean up your streets. And, as you may not have good baths in your home, I will provide them for you. It is right that I should do these things, for if I neglected one of them, disease might spread. If I allowed that, I shouldn't be a very good parent, should I?"

In many places the schools help the city by furnishing baths for their pupils. Like the city, the school is a family, only not so large. The members of this smaller family are the boys and girls. It is their duty to do the things that are for the good of all. Bathing is one of them. If children neglect it day after day, illness may be the result. Wherever there is dirt, disease has a good chance to get a start. And the worst of it is, that it doesn't stop with one person. One child, by being careless, may cause suffering to many others.

There is another reason why school baths are excel-

lent. Nearly all of them are fitted with showers, which rinse the skin and cleanse it more thoroughly than is possible in any other way. Cold shower baths harden the body, so that it is better able to protect itself from disease. They were first used by soldiers in Germany and were called "rain baths." A military doctor started the plan; he said that the men could not give their best service to the state unless they had clean, healthy bodies.

There used to be an old-fashioned idea that if people took baths very often, especially in winter, they would catch cold. Nobody believes that to-day. Proper care should be taken, of course, and it is not best to go out of doors directly after bathing, if the day is cold. But the boy or girl who bathes daily is far less likely to be troubled with colds than the one who does not guard his health by keeping clean.

Thus there are many reasons why the schools of a big city do a wise thing in providing baths for their pupils. They make boys and girls cleaner, brighter, and happier, so that they study better, work better, and play better. With clean, healthy bodies, they have more respect for themselves and will amount to more in the world.

This whole matter of bathing is so important that an old proverb says there is only one thing of greater importance. "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS

LITTLE strokes fell great oaks.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows.

There are no gains without pains.

Whate'er's begun in anger ends in shame.

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night.

What we call time enough always proves little enough.

Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him.

He that is good at making excuses is seldom good for anything else.

Constant dropping will wear out a stone.

Early to bed and early to rise,

Make a man healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,

Five things observe with care:

Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,

And how, and when, and where.

HOME, SWEET HOME

'Mid pleasures and palaces, though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-
where.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds, singing gayly, that came at my call,—
Give me them—and the peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

SOME CHINESE AND JAPANESE CUSTOMS

THIS story has been written by Mr. Howard S. F. Randolph especially for the boys and girls who read this book. Mr. Randolph spent several months in China and Japan while making a trip around the world in 1912 and 1913. He has told us some of the things he himself saw and knows to be true.

For several years before Mr. Randolph went to Japan, he had been corresponding with a Japanese boy named Toshio Tanaka. Toshio was studying English, and his teacher felt that it would help him to learn the language if he could correspond with an American. When Mr. Randolph was in Japan, he spent three days at Toshio's home. You can see on page 278 a photograph of Toshio in his home.

Here is a portion of a letter that Toshio wrote to a friend in America about Mr. Randolph's visit:

"I had a very happy and good summer vacation last year, because Mr. Howard, my intimate friend, came over to our country, and kindly visited my house.

"He is a fine gentleman indeed; his eyes are large and clear, his nose is high and he has also a tender smile in his face, which he always gives us when he speaks with us. He also speaks English eloquently, and I was taught a great deal of English languages



TOSHIO STUDYING AT HIS DESK

The photograph shows a Japanese room with sliding partitions, floor mats, and pictures.

while he was staying. Truly, I have never met with such a fine foreign gentleman in our country. My parents and sister were very glad to see him, and wished him to stay as long as he could; but unfortunately they can not speak English nicely, they only talked with him in gesticulation. If they only could speak English nicely, they would be greatly pleased. We were very much surprised to see Mr. Howard was accustomed to the Japanese style very well. He knows well the Japanese politeness, and he takes Japanese food.

"I have once heard from our English teacher that

the people who live in your country are all sociable men; truly I found it in Mr. Howard. He is a very sociable man indeed, for this was the first time I met with him in my life, but he talked with us as if he had known us from a child. I like very much such a man. Oh! what a happy summer vacation I spent last year. If I shall have the pleasure of seeing you in our country this summer, I shall be a very happy man."

China and Japan, which are countries in Asia, are around on the other side of the world from us. China is a large country with many millions of people in it. Japan is the group of islands not far from China, out in the Pacific Ocean. The people of these two countries are alike in many ways, but they are very different from the people in our country and they have many customs that are entirely different from ours.

Both the Japanese and the Chinese are very polite. They are taught to be polite from their earliest childhood, but sometimes their ideas of politeness seem strange to us. What would your mother say, for instance, if your big sisters made a loud gurgling noise while they were sipping their tea? She would tell them to drink more quietly, I am sure. But in China and Japan this would be the polite way of showing that their tea was hot, and that they were enjoying it.

What would your teacher do if all the children in the classroom should begin to study their lessons aloud? That is what the children of Japan and China do, and sometimes it seems as if each one was trying to study louder than any of the others. You would think that they could not learn anything with so much noise around them.

Their books, too, are entirely different from ours. They start at what we should call the end of the book. The lines run down the page instead of across it, and one reads from the top of the page to the bottom, beginning at the top of the right-hand column, and ending at the bottom of the column at the extreme left of the page. So the Chinese and Japanese boys and girls go through the book, as we should say, backwards, and end just where we begin. But you must remember that to them we seem just as funny, for they say we read our books backwards!

The Japanese do not wear shoes or stockings like ours; they wear flat pieces of wood, called clogs, which are raised a little from the ground, and fastened to their feet by cords. Sometimes they wear "ta-bis," which cover their feet to the ankles. Just as the American boy always removes his hat when he enters a house, so the Japanese boy removes his clogs. It would be as rude for him to keep on his clogs as it would be for you to keep on your hat.

The Japanese have no chairs, but they sit on the

floor or on cushions, with their feet tucked under them. When another person enters the room, a Japanese does not rise, as we do in America. He "kow-tows," which means that he kneels and bows down until his forehead touches the ground. The more respect he wishes to show, the longer he "kow-tows."

In Japan both the boys and girls, as well as the men and women, wear "ki-mo'-nas." These robes have no pockets, but they have big sleeves; the boy puts playthings or trinkets in his sleeves, as we should put them in our pockets. The ki-mo'-nas of the girls are gayly colored, with beautiful flowered patterns. They are fastened by sashes which are called "obis." The obi is by far the most costly part of the costume. It pleases a Japanese father greatly to take his little daughter out for a walk when she is dressed in her pretty ki-mo'-na and obi.

When American boys and girls are very little, they sometimes use their fingers to help them count. The Japanese child counts on his knuckles, "*ichi — ni — san — shi — go*," which is the way he says, "one, two, three, four, five," in his language.

In eating, the Chinese and Japanese do not use a knife, fork, and spoon, as we do. They use chopsticks. These are simply two pieces of wood, like long pencils, but not quite so thick. These sticks are held in the right hand and are used to pick up food. The Japanese eat a great deal of rice, and they can

pick up on their chop-sticks as much rice as we could with a spoon, and eat it without spilling it. Of course they do not use a table like ours, but sometimes they have a small table with short legs. Usually the food is served in bowls, on trays that are placed on the floor. The floor of a Japanese house, you may be sure, is always kept very clean.

Japanese houses are very different from ours. They are made of wood, and they have no doors or windows like those in American houses. Some of the outside walls are built so that they slide back, just like folding doors. The partitions between the rooms are made of heavy rice paper, mounted on frames of wood. These frames slide back and forth so that you can open all the rooms and make one big room. We should not think that paper partitions gave very much protection, should we?

The floor is covered with grass mats, each mat being about six feet long and three feet wide. When a Japanese goes into a house, he takes off his clogs in order that he may not soil or injure the mats. In giving the size of a room, a Japanese does not say that it is so many feet long and so many feet wide, but that it holds so many mats.

Unlike us, the Japanese people do not have much furniture in their rooms. A sleeping room in one of their houses would seem very bare to most of us, for there is nothing in it except one or two cushions on

the floor, and perhaps a little table or a box, a beautiful vase with a flower, or a picture. The picture has no glass or frame, but can be rolled up and put away, while another picture is put in its place. There is no need for a bed, for a Japanese sleeps on a quilt which he brings out at night and places on the clean



JAPANESE WOMEN SORTING TEA LEAVES

From a photograph sent by Toshio.

floor. For a pillow he uses a little block of wood, which I am sure would keep you or me awake all night. Most homes have storehouses called "godowns" where the pictures and furniture are kept when they are not in use. What would the people in Japan think of some American rooms, filled with things that are neither useful nor pretty?

Instead of carriages, they have *jin-rik'-i-shas*, though

of course the big cities have trolley cars also. A jin-rik'-i-sha is just big enough for one person. There are shafts in front; but instead of a horse, a man steps between the shafts and draws you wherever you want to go. This queer kind of carriage is said to have been used first less than fifty years ago, by a missionary in Japan, who wanted some way to take his invalid wife from place to place in comfort.

If you were a Chinese boy or girl, you would have no birthday of your own. Everybody has the same birthday in China — and what day do you think it is? It is their New Year's Day. At that time everybody adds one year to his age, though perhaps little baby brother is only a day or two old.

Above all, the children of China and Japan are obedient. It is impossible to think of a little Japanese or Chinese boy or girl saying "I won't," or, "In a minute." They all do just as their parents tell them to, and they do it right away.

Our brothers and sisters on the other side of the world are very different from us in many ways, but still they *are* our brothers and sisters. And though they have different customs, deep down we are all very much alike.

HOWARD S. F. RANDOLPH

OUR NATIONAL HYMN

"AMERICA," or "My Country, 'tis of Thee," is called our national hymn. All Americans, therefore, should be able to repeat every word of it.

It was written by Samuel Francis Smith, a Boston clergyman, when he was a student about twenty-three years old. The young man little thought at the time that in later years it would be sung by thousands of school children all over the country. The patriotic verses were first heard in public one Fourth of July. It is interesting to know that the national hymn of England, "God Save the King," and "America," are sung to the same tune.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was in the same college class with Mr. Smith. At one of the class gatherings, Mr. Holmes read a poem containing the following lines about the author of "America":

"And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith!
But he chanted a song for the brave and the free—
Just read on his medal, 'My Country, of thee.'"

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
 Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
And ring from all the trees
 Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God our King.

Beneath Heaven's gracious will
The star of progress still
Our course doth sway;
In unity sublime
To broader heights we climb,
Triumphant over Time,
God speeds our way!

Grand birthright of our sires,
Our altars and our fires
Keep we still pure!
Our starry flag unfurled,
The hope of all the world,
In Peace and Light impearled,
God hold secure!

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

THE SHEPHERD PSALM

THE Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for His
name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death,
I will fear no evil:
For Thou art with me;
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me
In the presence of mine enemies:
Thou hast anointed my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the
days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

